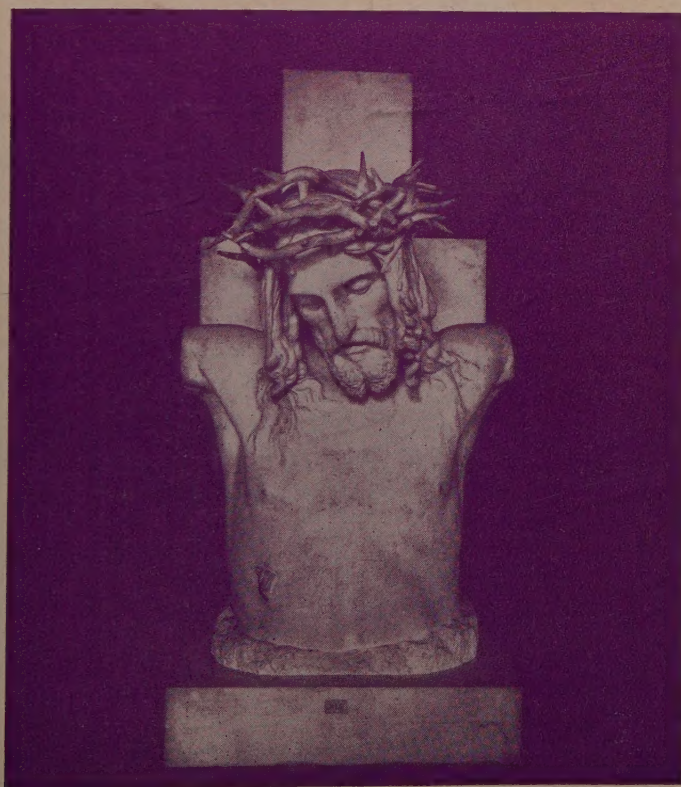


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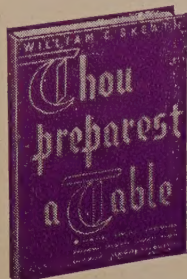


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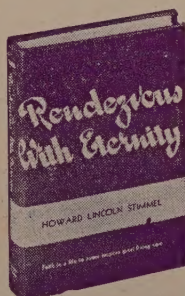
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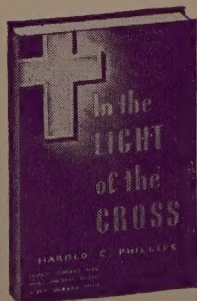
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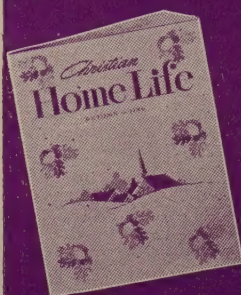
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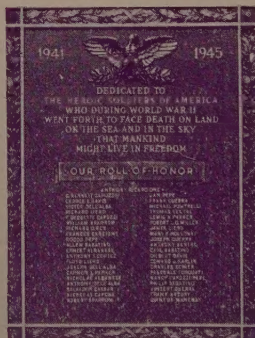
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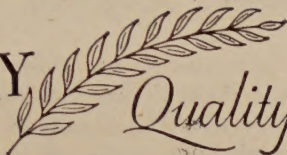
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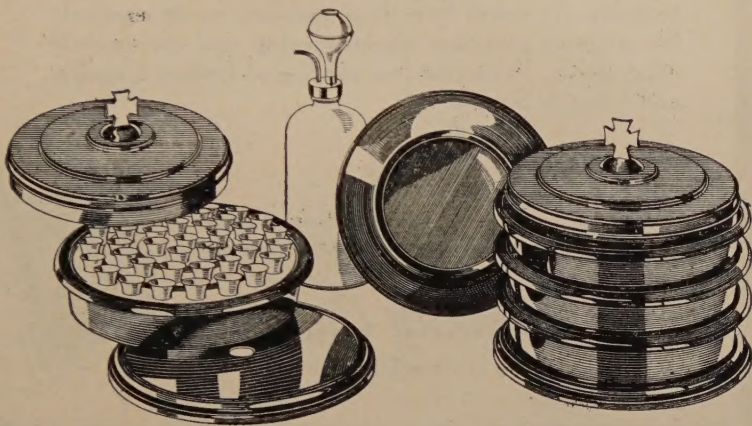
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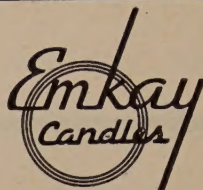
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THE HUMAN TRAGEDY

DAVID E. ADAMS

DAYS like these all of us who had hoped for peace are becoming increasingly conscious of the poignant tragedy of the human lot. We who have honestly believed in the ultimate power of a righteous God are amazed at the depth of the shadows which have crept across what we thought was our world. We who have had confidence in the ability of the human spirit to conceive and bring to realization something of truth and beauty and righteousness are profoundly disturbed, not only at the sights and sounds, but at the thoughts and ideals of a world which sometimes seems about to crumble before our very eyes.

And all of us are asking, must this be? Is it inevitable? Is it because of failure on our part? Can it be that it is the bitter destiny of the human race always to destroy the beauty which itself creates, ever to reach heights of achievement only to fall back into the dust from which it came?

That question has haunted the minds of people like ourselves, people who are keenly aware of the grandeur of human idealism and at the same time sensitive to the tragedy of human failure. Such people survey the collective struggles of humanity as recorded in history, and seek to probe the secret of this tragedy. Ultimately they resolve the problem in the simpler terms of the individual who cannot know the kind of person that I want to be and yet I never quite succeed. Why is it? Certain ancient writers pondered this human tragedy, and some of those whose work refers to us portrayed it in a great series of pictures splashed across the canvas of that literature which was their only mode of creative artistic expression.

Consider the picture of the Garden of Eden where man and woman, fresh from the hand of their creator, enjoy the cloistered beauties of a workless paradise. This was theirs forever to enjoy, provided they remained therewith content and obeyed one single rule, not to eat of the fruit of the tree that grew in the

garden. But they broke that one command and their paradise was forever lost.

That is the human tragedy. Man knows the rules, but he breaks them. In his heart he wants to stay on the high levels, but again and again and again he steps down to do the very thing which they forbid. You and I are like that. Each of us knows what he wants to be. Each of us knows what he could do if he really tried hard enough. It isn't that we don't know. And it isn't that we don't care. It's something else. Some folks call it "the old Adam" in us, which is just another way of saying that it's human nature. But are we always to go on singly and collectively making a mess of this world we've inherited? Is there any real need of such ghastly chaos as our stream-lined modern times have produced? Can't something really intelligent be done, besides making loud noises and shooting off guns, and killing innocent women and children?

Well, that matter of killing people bothered the ancient artist too, and he stripped that problem right down to its stark individual meaning, and spread it across another great canvas which no one who has stopped to look at it can ever forget. The shadows are down, and it's evening in the edge of the forest. The sky is red along the rim of the distant hills, and a few cattle are still grazing in the edge of the clearing. Close by a thicket there's a rough stone altar. The air is filled with the smell of roasting flesh, and the thick smoke rolls off into the tree-tops in the freshening breeze. On the ground beside the altar and the thicket lies the body of a man, the skull crushed in. And there a little way beyond the altar looms a brawny figure, feet wide apart, fists clenched, hairy face convulsed with passion, staring defiantly up into the cold darkness of the drifting clouds. The lips move—and with a hoarse cry he turns and lumbers away into the forest. What were those words? "Am I my brother's keeper?" No answer but the silence of the steel gray clouds, the soft movement of the cattle in the clearing, and the dull

Hadley, Mass.

glow of the burning coals upon the altar of his God.

After all, it isn't that we mean to forget about other people's rights. Cain himself was *worshipping* when the awful thing happened. What he did was to lose his temper, go wild for a moment, forget that his act might have irrevocable consequence for someone else. We wouldn't cause a thing like that to happen, not for the world, not at least to anyone we knew. Well, if intelligent people don't think murder is right, and haven't thought so for at least three thousand years, why does murder keep on occurring in the world on such a colossal scale? Isn't there some way in which somehow in the long run intelligence can be brought to bear on these things that seem to constitute the human tragedy, this frustration of the hopes of thousands of the human race, this senseless degradation of the powers and capacities of the human spirit? Doesn't it mean anything that Adam and Eve did eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and find out the fundamental difference between right and wrong, even though they paid a bitter price for that discovery? Isn't it worth anything that we have known for all this time that murder is wrong, that we are responsible for the welfare of our fellow men, and that violation of the eternal laws of life can end in nothing but tragedy?

The ancient artist had thought of that, too, and he flung another picture across the canvas, not quite as dramatic as the portrait of Cain, but no less symbolic of the human way. The scene is laid on what seems to be the side of a mountain jutting up out of an expanse of water with floating debris. Close to the water's edge there is pitched a tent of camel's hair. Scattered about are a few stone implements. On the top of the eminence is what looks like a huge house-boat, stranded on the rocks by the receding water. It is late afternoon and heavy banks of clouds are lighted by the rays of a low sun. Clear across the east stretches a fading rainbow. In the door of the tent lies the figure of a man, the face upturned, the arms flung loosely to either side. On the ground beside him rests an over-turned wine-jar. There lies the survivor of the human race, after the flood. With the burden of the past upon his shoulders, with the rainbow of God's promise still shining across the receding waters that had wiped out the wickedness of the human race, with new worlds to conquer and the future all before him—Noah lies drunk in his tent!

Upon such frail human instruments does the destiny of nations sometimes hang. Noah was

not wholly unaware of the responsibilities lay upon his shoulders. He'd seen the rainbow and he'd heard the voice of God, and knew what lay before him. But Noah was tired and thirsty. You and I don't mean to be forgetful of the great tradition which we represent. It's just that there are times when we don't represent it as well as other times. And often we forget that we, like Noah, represent a sort of bottle-neck through which a good many of the things we think are worth while have got to pass if they are to be perpetuated in a world which sometimes seems to have gone wholly mad. After all, if life and beauty and truth and goodness are to exist, that still have any value in our eyes, we've got to find a way to get them into circulation again among the people who have gone off that kind of standard, and resorted to barter in terms of blood and tears. It isn't that we don't want to be worthy of our heritage, and equal to the opportunity, but as with Noah, creature comforts and indulgences sap our energies and undermine our ambitions and we just do measure up to the values that we really hold.

But how can we possibly make this kind of thing real to people whose values are different? The ancient artist had thought about that too. He stripped these other phases of the tragedy down to their simple individual significance and portrayed them in the over-simplified terms of one person's experience to make them vivid and convincing. But this problem of incommensurable values couldn't be treated that way. It is one of the most important aspects of the human tragedy, because it lies at the very foundation of social frustration. And so the last of these canvases has many figures on it—it is an entirely different kind of picture. It portrays a whole new city rising from the earth, buildings on every hand partially finished, with scaffoldings along their sides, streets full of ox-drawn carts laden with huge blocks of stone, the air full of dust and shouting, and the sound of hammers and the tramp of feet. And there in the middle distance, right opposite the city gate, down a magnificent broad avenue, rises a tower. Even through the staging and the dust and debris of construction it is clear that it is going to be a magnificent thing, high above the roofs of the city, shining, beautiful, rising heavenward as a symbol of man's aspiration, evidence of his power to plan and organize and build. If I look more closely at this living canvas, I see that something is wrong. Broken pieces of masonry are coming toppling down, then a section of scaffolding falls and the body of a man hurtles after it. And there are other men locked

uggle high in the air, and all the work stops, the wheels of the pulleys are still, and the es dangle in the wind, and the workers e swarming down seizing clubs and stones, the street is filled with tumult and strife. hat has happened?

"They sought to build a city—and a tower t would reach to heaven." But they failed. y? Because they didn't know how to build? ause they couldn't get materials? Because plans were wrong? No. But because they idenly found that they had lost the power understand each other, they could no longer ak each other's language. And you and I ow that when that happens to any group of ple of which we are a part, all the towers our dreams go crashing down.

Those four pictures show us four sides of human tragedy that runs all through the e of individuals and of peoples. Looking at tures doesn't solve the problem, but it does p us to see the meaning of it. Adam and e disobeying the moral law, Cain losing his pper and killing his brother, Noah drunk en he should have been at his best, the lders of the Tower of Babel failing because y lost the ability to work together. Every e of us, if he is honest, will see himself in se ancient pictures, and every community ee its own weaknesses reflected there. Be- use these characters in the ancient tales stand

for mankind. That is what ADAM means in Hebrew—MAN. And the cumulative effect of man's weakness in all these pictured ways threatens to pile up into world tragedy. God alone can help us to find a way out of it.

We believe that there are yet in humanity resources of the spirit which out of the chaos of our day may with God's help draw together from all parts of the world men of understanding, who will discover that they have miraculously learned again to speak each other's language, and who will once more join hands to build the tower of men's aspiration to heights hitherto undreamed. We can still share the spirit of the Man who faced the human tragedy in its most intense and personal form, who accepted as His share of that tragedy a death unutterably terrible. But even as He faced it, He could pray, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He rightly saw that the real tragedy lay at that moment, not in His suffering, but in the fact that the people of His time, confronted with the ideal which He held before them, could not understand, and could find no better way to use what He offered them, than to destroy it. Truly they knew not what they did. They did not speak His language. The tower He sought to build must wait. It is for this generation to decide whether it shall be built in our day.

SOME EVANGELISTIC "MUSTS" FOR THE NEW ERA

AARON N. MECKEL

THE opportunities for a vigorous, evangelistic church today are unprecedented. I have never known the human heart to be re wistful or hungry in its out-reach for p beyond the self than it is today. It's e: "When the world is at its worst, the urch of Jesus Christ should be at her best". d Hutchinson, after his trip through Europe es that revival cannot possibly begin there. rope is crushed under its burdens. The ions are looking to American Christianity sustenance and spiritual inspiration in this ment. Men must have that living Word rt from which all efforts at physical recon-

ntree, Mass.

struction are futile, and without which they cannot live.

This hour is then no time for complacency, for a status quo, "fair to middlin" Churchmanship! If we are satisfied, "curled up and content", because our church pews are comfortably filled, finances good, and things on the whole are going pretty well, then God have mercy upon us! Woe unto all such as think the "lines have fallen unto them in pleasant places", and who are at ease in Zion! They are indulging a hoax! The statement that the opportunities for a sane and vigorous evangelism are infinite at present needs to be supplemented by another: namely, that only a

repentant, spiritually impassioned church and ministry can rise to the challenge of the times. This is an hour such as faced Dwight Moody, George Whitefield, and John Wesley,—men who discerned with wisdom the signs of their times and then released a great flood of spiritual power for their redemption.

A Heightened Awareness

We must have a heightened awareness of the content and meaning of the gospel of life we are sent to proclaim! The trumpet must make a distinct sound if men are to gird themselves for battle. What I am concerned with is the impact of a glorious gospel of life and light and power on a man's mind and heart, apart from which he cannot, and does not even want to, be a winner of souls for his Lord and Master. In the long run, evangelism—the bringing of the Good News to men—is a matter of heart-power.

The contemporary scene swarms with false messiahs and gospels! They have already taken a heavy toll. You and I claim to be accredited ambassadors for Jesus Christ. The world of men demands, is entitled to know, the theological "platform" on which we stand, and to inspect our credentials. The times call for a message, which is spiritually definitive and consistent, and which embodies the great central verities of our Christian Faith, and yet let it be added, which is stated in a vocabulary "understood by the people."

How, pray, can a man be an effective evangelist and not be reasonably clear in his own mind concerning the great central doctrines of sin, redemption, repentance, the Holy Spirit, Eternal Life, the Kingdom of God, etc.? We must distill life from them, and that without becoming technical. Says Lewis J. Sherrill: "Preaching the gospel in the early church meant the authoritative proclamation of a short body of momentous facts: Jesus Christ had come, had suffered, died and had risen from the dead". Yes, it's the joyous and confident proclamation of event; of a saving deed of God for man's salvation. Let, then, our pulpits sound out with confidence, the fact that God in His mercy has given us a word that can set men on their feet. When it was suggested to C. H. Spurgeon that there was a quality of sameness about his sermons, he was frank to admit it. But what a living stream of witness flowed out from his inspired pulpit! W. D. Chamberlain argues that we have been too negative in our interpretation of repentance. It's a forward looking word, he says. And he reminds us that men are not only saved from but for something. Someone asked an

old Negro minister, after hearing him pray earnestly, "What is unction?" "Brudder", he replied, "I dunno whut it is, but I know when it ain't!"

Here then is our first "Must": that we meet the challenge of this new atomic era into which science has hurled us, only as we are persuaded and laid-hold-on, by a positive, life-giving message, grasped by a flexible mind and winged towards men by a warm heart.

Re-focus the Aim

According to John R. Mott, evangelism is "the process of bringing men into vital contact with Jesus Christ." With the gospel of life entrusted to us, we must penetrate the spring of human action. We must be impatient with mere surface results, with the kind of evangelism which is content to skim the outer layer of men's lives, rushes them in massive numbers into the church, omits the vital work of nurturing them into maturity, thus leaving them largely where we met them! Therein lies the one caution on Visitation Evangelism. Certainly, it is needed. But people need far more than to be visited if they are to become vital links in the Christian chain; men must be changed! A psychiatrist, when asked what is therapy, replied: "The best way I know how to describe it is in religious terms. It is being born again." After referring to the "Augean stable of human personality",—Lewis J. Sherrill continues, "the human organism seems capable of enduring anything in the universe except a clear, complete, fully conscious view of oneself as he actually is." And Kagawa adds "He who calls evangelism antiquated is a novice as regards life. When the destiny of mankind as a whole is considered, we must acknowledge that Christ made no mistake in His passionate effort to save."

We need to re-focus our aim! Just what are all these bustling efforts, within organized Christianity, for? What are we after? I believe that every sermon we preach and visit we make ought to provoke the Pentecostal query of old: "Sirs, what must we do to be saved?"

Haven't you been appalled at times at the lush inroads the cults have been making in the ranks of supposedly "good" and intelligent people? Just the other day I learned of a former faithful parishioner of mine, a physician in Boston, who in a desperate battle with the drink habit, assumed vows in a Roman Catholic monastery. Make no mistake about it; people are grasping at straws in days like these! There is a "sickness unto death", a fundamental wrongness and restlessness and

etchedness deep in the hearts of people. Secular nausea breeds its foul brood in the modern heart. Modern man is like the poet's rant, "crying in the night and with no language save a cry." Our sermons and our pastoral counsel must articulate and interpret to this "crying infant" his often unconscious hunger for God. We must probe deep, and then, with divine help, prescribe the blessed medicine of forgiveness at the heart of the gospel to the repentant and wistful. The depth psychology, sinking its inquisitive shafts into the depths of the human heart, has shocked many of us with its revelation of the sins of supposed "good people". Let us be grateful that Rabbi Liebman takes "liberal religion" as a task for so cavalierly overlooking the dramatic, instinctive drives of the emotions,—the powerhouse of the personality. It is there, in that rather weird realm so little understood by us, that Christian decision must be made, and the verdict sought. All else is surface procedure. Somehow we have got to get deep down underneath the conventional, pleasant religion of "nice people", many of them in our churches,—and seek, with the aid and guidance of the Holy Spirit, to get lives renewed in the image of Him Who created us. Only a sublimely radical gospel can bring about the revolution that is needed in human personality! I remember Chesterton's reason for making his pilgrim go to Rome: "I wanted to know the truth about myself", said he. Let's be frank and say many do not! But once they know the truth that makes men free, they are everlastingly grateful to those who were courageous enough to lead them to it.

Reinspect Methods

"What can I do", asked a woman, "to make my husband see that it is disloyal for him to tarry by his church Sunday mornings with never a thought of worship in his head?" What are you with which to reach that man? Here are homes by the hundreds with no mention of God or hint of prayer in them from day to day. How reach and revolutionize those homes? Here are many whose once sacred marriage relationship, assumed at a church altar, is falling to pieces for lack of a working relationship with a church. Most of all, there is that vast, pagan mass, beyond the reach of Christian influence. We need to retrim our nets and re-assume our office as fishers of men!

When the People's Church of St. Paul, Minnesota, burned down a few years ago, a magnificent statue of the Christ was hurtled through the charred ruins down to the street.

Millions who had never before seen it beheld it for the first time. Perhaps we can take a leaf from the candidates in the recent gubernatorial election. Everywhere they went,—to the wharfs, factories, city streets, country lanes, with their advocacy. Anywhere they could catch an eye or hold an ear! We must get out of the worn rut, and launch out in terms of new and untried strategies. Let every man find his own forte,—the manner in which he can most effectively reach men for the Kingdom. Some are gifted with fervent utterance, others with special gifts in pastoral work. Still others have a plus of organizing ability. All are necessary and essential in the work of evangelism.

Surely it is incumbent upon us to go to the teeming centers of our cities and "plead with men". It is an interesting and searching experience, for instance, to stand on the steps of a place like St. Paul's Cathedral, on a warm, summer evening, and conduct an outdoor service. The trumpet is sounded. Old and memorable hymns are sung. When your turn comes, you must speak with passion and precision, or your congregation just walks off to a more interesting scene! The after-meeting with "enquirers" (a word we need to recoin!) is a memorable experience. Sometimes when my heart is warmed with the message for Sunday morning, I call a list of homes on a Saturday night. I call it "telephone evangelism", and it works! Nothing will, of course, ever take the place of a person-to-person evangelism, carried on week by week, by the faithful soul seeker and winner. Most of all, we must pray and preach and inspire an evangelistic church into being a power-house of the Spirit, which sheds abroad the ferment of its enthusiasm all through a community. As pastors and layfolk, we must again feel a deep concern for the unreached! Oh for an evangelism with grappling hooks! Spiritual awakening will come when pastors and laymen will again pray for it and ask God to use them mightily in the process.

It needs to be pointed out to people that joining the church involves vicarious participation in a spiritual movement whose aim it is to reach mankind. It's a radical step to take. It's nothing tame! And not only the men and women of our churches, but the boys and girls in our youth groups and Sunday Schools will respond eagerly to a forthright Christian challenge. I keep repeating to my people the words of Moody, "Why not go into our religion with at least as much enthusiasm as we do into our athletics!" It was said of the early Church that there was "no small stir about the

Way". The day of imposing religious edifices and stereotype methods of worship is drawing to a close. You'll not reach the vast mass of the people with it! When Kagawa was asked what buildings he would like to see while in Boston, he replied, "I'm not interested in church architecture. Take me where they are doing things to help people!" To reach people,—that takes fire in the hearts of men and on the altars of a church. The old-fashioned prayer meeting, with opportunity for sharing and testimony, is being revived in many churches. And in some of our sophisticated Episcopal churches the rectors are holding Sunday evening "Gospel Songs"!

We repeat, then, as to methods: First, God must put a "concern" in our hearts for those who need us, and the Christ we serve, the most. Then, experiment endlessly! Use any legitimate method or strategy which will reach and win men for your Savior. And don't be afraid of being "a fool for Christ's sake" in the eyes of the world. There's a deep joy and a glory in it!

Evangelism a Total Process

We need to see evangelism as a TOTAL PROCESS, penetrating the many stricken areas of our larger life. Nor is it an intermittent activity, drummed up now and then in a fever of excitement, although there will be seasons of intensive and united effort to reach a largely pagan society with the Gospel. It is the steady temper of a Church. Both a negative conservatism, which stresses individual conversion to the exclusion of environment, and a naïve liberalism which overlooks the need of the redemptive individual in the leavening of the pagan mass are off-center! Our Lord points the way and gives us the key. He claimed the world for the reign of His Father's Will, and yet preached the supreme evangelistic sermon of all time to a hungry-hearted man named Nicodemus. After the arrest of John the Baptist, Jesus hurls His insistent demand and challenge into the teeth of His contemporaries: "Repent ye"—He presses His message on the heart of the individual—"For the Kingdom of God is at hand",—this Reign of God seeks to penetrate every nook and cranny of the world for God. Evangelism must be as total and all-demanding as the Gospel it seeks to address to the conscience and mind of man.

When the Lord Jesus gave His Great Commission to evangelize the world, He did not hand it over to a Committee on resolutions! He sent out, in His Name, a relatively small number of individuals who had caught His passion and were aflame with His Spirit. How

many truly committed individuals have you in your Church? Men and women on whose loyalty and integrity you can really depend? In the last analysis, that is what counts! "Bible people", writes Elmer G. Homrighausen, "were aware of the 'holy must'!" And, he adds, "Not playing around with religious ideas will suffice". And Bishop Berggrav, who knows the smell of a concentration camp, speaks for the whole Church when he says, "Truth is again becoming holy for us, and when it becomes holy, it makes martyrs". We American laymen and pastors must have the audacity of the British Bishops, who in a late report on evangelism dared to call their Nation Godless and pagan, and in the Name of the Redeemer, to seek to bring it anew to God. Wanted, as the great end in all our evangelistic endeavors: the inspiration of the total man for the total task.

What Missionaries Have Done

David Livingstone, called the Columbus of Africa, traveled twenty-nine thousand miles in the interior of Africa, and added one million square miles, or one-twelfth of its area, to the known regions of the globe. He also discovered the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, the greatest falls in the world. Livingstone said, "Cannot the love of Christ carry the missionary where the slave trade carries the trader?"

Missionaries introduced sorghum, African rubber and the silkworm into the Western world.

The jirikisha without which Japan would hardly be Japan, and foreign tourists would be in despair, was designed by Jonathan Jobe, a missionary.

The best variety of wheat now sown throughout the South was sent over to Georgia by missionaries.

The most profitable pear grown in America originated as a cross between seedlings imported by missionaries from China.

The discovery of that practically unknown animal, the gorilla, was due to a missionary. In 1847, Richard Owen, the great comparative anatomist first gave a scientific description of this strange animal.

Missionaries have translated the Bible into about seven-tenths of the world's speech.

One of the most useful drugs known to medical science is quinine, and it was discovered by Jesuit missionaries of South America.—*World-Wide Missions*.

Sooner or later: yet one day
We all must pass that way;

Each man, each woman, humbled, pale,
Pass veiled within the veil;

Child, parent, bride, companion,
Alone, alone, alone.

For none a ransom can be paid,
A suretyship be made:

I, bent by mine own burden, must
Enter my house of dust;

I rated to the full amount,
Must render mine account.

—Christina Rossetti.

WHY NOT TRY WORSHIP?

FREDERIC E. WILLIAMS

I LOVE the church," said an old saint to me some years ago at the close of a service. "I love to sit in the church alone, and worship. I love to worship in the church services—on the Lord's Day, and in the prayer-meeting during the week. For the past forty years no minister of this church can say that I have failed to do anything I could to help in furthering the work of the church, or in strengthening his hands in the ministry."

He was not an average member. For long years the Protestant Church has been "on the back list." In increasing numbers her members have passed out of her doors on the Lord's Day without renewed strength, uplift or help for life's problems. They have been in the Lord's House, on the Lord's Day, but they have not consciously met with Him.

As attendance fell off, officers have been troubled over trying to keep the church going and ministers have resorted to many and devious measures to coddle, coax, or cajole nominal members into her services, by lighting stained-glass *picture-windows* to show within without the body of the church, by musical services—song services for such as came, or programs of special music for them to listen to—even at times calling in "big name" artists; pageants and plays of various kinds. Mothers have been coaxed out on Mothers' Day by the promise of a cut-flower or a potted plant, by a prize for the youngest mother or grandmother present or perhaps some special mark of attention for the grandmother with the largest number of grandchildren. Preachers in some instances have invited the older children or young people to occupy specially reserved seats during a service in which he could perform some simple sleight-of-hand trick. Ministers did not want to use such means but they did want to preach to people, not to lifeless wooden benches.

Has this problem no real solution, so that make-shift expedients shall be no longer needed? If not, how can we hope for the non-liturgical or "free" Protestant church to continue?

That such a solution exists and is not far to seek, I am fully convinced; a solution which must and will come through the training of our congregations in worship. Why have a church at all? Is it not to provide people with the privilege of the public worship of Almighty God? But of what benefit is

a privilege, if those who have it do not know how to use it? Too many persons have had no personal experience of worship—have never known the quiet joy that comes to the believer from communing with the Heavenly Father, nor rejoiced in feeling themselves in the Divine Presence, nor been moved by warm love to God and by an earnest longing to please Him in daily life. Instead they enter the sanctuary as they might a lecture-hall. They come to hear what the choir will sing, or what the preacher will say—to be instructed or entertained for an hour, while reserving the right to reject any or all conclusions presented in the sermon.

Saying this is neither carping criticism nor censure of the preacher nor his people. If they attend church with but little satisfaction to themselves, because they have not learned how to worship, they need to be taught—not scolded. To apply such a remedy requires time. Older people, daily faced with life's responsibilities, may indeed have too many distractions to learn the art of worship but the process must begin without delay.

In this important feature of the life of the church pastors must help their lay-leaders. Worship is the most technical, the most highly specialized of the minister's duties. He is, or should be, qualified to point the way to reality in this experience for his people, so that they shall feel that they have in truth met God in the sanctuary and have been blest of Him. The clergyman also knows how long a list of helpful books already exists and how frequently new ones appear; and is, or should be, fully aware how essential his assistance is if these books are to be helpful to his people.

With the children and young people training in worship can be most effective. Accordingly, wherever they can be brought together, these young hearts must be trained to realize the nearness and Presence of God, His love for them, and His claim upon their lives, so that they shall earnestly desire to establish this spiritual fellowship. It cannot be said too emphatically that singing hymns, reading Scripture, and saying prayers in and of itself is not worship. Worship may be a period of absolute silence. But whenever it is real, it is a season in which the soul contacts and is keenly aware of God and desires to give itself to such conduct and to developing such character as shall be pleasing to God.

Young children are instinctively religious.

But somewhere on the way to maturity, in far too many instances, they lose their sensitivity to the spiritual. Had the nurture of these children—at home, in school, and in Sabbath School and young people's society—provided as effectively for the growth of the spirit into the likeness of the Christ as their day-school has provided the development of their

intellect, that religious nature would have matured also; and the worship service of the House of God would fill a conscious need. Our young men and young women would not then regard a healthy spiritual life as fanaticism—as I have heard it referred to. Living things grow or die. Human spirits are no exception.

WHO DROVE THE NAILS ?

I know how patiently
The Nazarene endured the suffering
We laid upon His body,
For I am the man
Who drove the nails
That held Him to His Cross.

How can I forget that awful hour?
Then I was coarse and hard of heart.
The soldiers of the guard
Could not have hearts like women,
For daily we were called upon
To carry out the sentence
As prescribed by the imperial will.
How many I have seen
Ushered to their death I'll never recall.
With most of them
It was a duty done and forgotten.

But not so with the Man from Nazareth.
I'll ne'er forget that hour
They said to me:
"You, soldier of the guard,
Drive deep the nails to-day
And we'll be well rid
Of this disturber of the people."

And they knew right truly
That I could drive nails
Deeply and securely
Into those soggy logs
That we had fashioned to a cross.

But as they laid that meek and willing form
Upon the cross
And bid me set the nails
In hands and feet,
It seemed that e'en
My hard, soldier heart would rebel.
I scarce could muster courage
To set the nails
And lay the heavy hammer to its task.
"Get on with this day's work."
They shouted in my ears.
I raised the sledge
But its lack of power
Only added agony to the Man of Nazareth.

Then, seized as if by terror,
I flew to the awful task.
More rapidly I struck at the nails
And oft the blows inaccurate,

Fell on the tender hands
To crush them like white lilies
'Neath the heel
Of one who has no heart for lilies.

Through His awful agony,
And more awful have I never seen,
He said only one thing—
It was a whisper
Sweet as the sound of bells at evening:
"Father, My Father, forgive.
They scarce know
How they hurt themselves
And Me and Thee.
Lay not upon them this hateful charge."

It was well that my part
Of the day's work was done,
For when I caught
That whispered prayer,
I could not longer hold
That heavy hammer!
It fell clattering among the hill stones.

Others raised the cross
And roughly dropped
It in the cup they had cut in the hill.
Then He prayed again
But I could not hear
I had no ears for hearing
And no heart to feel!
It seemed that I was dying, too.

Could I but forget that awful day!
I'm no longer of the guard.
I was retired for my service
On that occasion upon the hill.
I drove deep the nails
That held Jesus to the cross.
But how can I be at ease
When always in my mind
And before my eyes
Is that cruel scene?

Is not the thought of those nails in His hands
Now wounding my soul?
Nay, I shall never be at peace again
For it was I
Who drove deep the nails
In Jesus' holy hands.

—G. A. LEICHLITER.

The Editor's Columns



Horse and Buggy Days

ONCE again, I sit on the foot of my old sleeping bag, in rain-soaked clothes, as near to the sputtering pine-pitch fire as its stinging glow permits, my front toasting, my back freezing in the cold "Norther" which has swept down over our little camp, deep in the Carmen Mountain wilderness of Coahuila, setting of many a cherished memory of sounds and horses, lions and trail-side joy.

Quickly the two thousand miles which lay between us and it rolled out from under and in a Jeep we tackled such an erratic road as is unknown north of the rugged wilderness which lies below the Rio Grande. After rock-born arroyos without end, desert wastes, wanking Cochino Pass through the Burros, and the expansive Valley of Carmen, we found ourselves in the deep mid-afternoon shadow of the three Centinella peaks, where the new lumbering road breaks off to the left and for twelve miles gasps as it climbs its precarious way over unsurveyed grades which defied road-building in the judgment of engineers, but gave way to the pick and shovel and sweat of a horde of peons.

Doubling back on itself constantly, squeezing its way between blasted canyon walls and sweeping upward like a toy balloon in an eddying gale, it gaspingly tops out in low gear and skirts the southern edge of la Laguna, a trackish lake, where, of other years, deer poured down out of the surrounding hills, morning and evening, to lick on its saline shores, but which today boasts no single, hoarf-toed, cloven-hoofed imprint on its salty-rimmed rim.

Down into lower Carboneras Canyon creeps this beastly highway, brakes set and meshed gears dragging, daring only the wildly venturesome to follow her lead. Where the crystal-clear canyon waters laughed light-heartedly, down over the smoothly-poured and frozen volcanic rock-bed, in days gone, a sluggish, soupy mess of red, roiled liquid creeps

silently along in self-abasement, with neither song nor laughter.

Here, the new road over which the lumber trucks pant and perspire, swings sharply south, as it breaks out of solid rock into a saddened scene of a one-time glorious park of pine, and runs hurriedly through the litter and debris left by the loggers as they worked their fearful way on up canyon. Stumps, gravestones of a gracious grove under whose hospitable arms we have often rested, alone, mark the sacred spot.

A mile or so up canyon a fifteen foot concrete dam, alien to any mountain stream, squats between vertical rock-walls, where crystal pools once lay contentedly at noon-time and mirrored back the eagles screaming between the peaks overhead and backs up a stagnating, algae-filled mill-pond which reeks in abject despair.

When the pagan whistle at the mill works its noon-day sacrilege, to notify the axemen in the surrounding hills of the hour, and the last shameful echo drops its head contritely, it is not other than the singing of The Concrete Mixer as a communion hymn. Our hearts wearied in their weeping.

So, clear up the once lovely Carboneras, through Carizzo Springs, by Dealy Saddle, on up the rugged trail to Madera Mesa, no heights appear sacred enough to stay the road of desire.

As I sit here now, deep in memory and contemplation of the "works of man", wet to the skin, but not shivering from any physical aspect of my moment in the familiar hills, a clanking, roaring, "semi-" logging-truck runs amok fifty yards away and my weary Poncho, hobbled and nibbling on nearby grass, lifts his graying head and cocks even his lop-ear forward. It is hard on him too, this rape of his life-long precincts. He looks at me when I speak quietly in understanding sympathy, and goes on nibbling. Perhaps I should too.

When we made camp here in lower Leones Canyon, which carves its jagged way high up

toward the rising sun, it was not so much desire which prompted, as the increasing weight of our hearts. The farther up we pushed the Jeep, the greater the sacrilege of greed and avarice. So we stopped here out of sight of the destruction which has been wrought, but not out of hearing of the trucks and clanking caterpillar tractors at work just below the escarpment which went salmon in this morning's dawning sun.

So, as I sit here and try to numb the hurt, while drying out the one light outfit of wilderness clothes which my wayfaring duffle bag has not denied me, a far-wandering duffle, expressed ten days ahead, of which John Lewis knows little and cares less, I wonder if it be I or others, or all of us, from whom reason has fled, for when I sometimes speak of "the good old days" eyebrows rise, mouths go agape and some poor unenlightened soul gasps in utter amazement, "What—go back to the horse and buggy days—and by preference?" But then, they are generally the ones who easily number their years and know nought of "the horse and buggy days," those pre-lumbering days in the hills of home, in the hills of church, in the hills of blessed, healthy fellowship and neighborliness, and I smile as bravely as I may and say, "Yes, the horse and buggy days," the while praying that there may be spiritual "horse and buggy days" ahead for him whose trust and confidence is hale enough to survive the ways of men, today.

Candle Light

SO IT is that a widely circulated publication, scaled in content for those who like theirs in pictures of glamor, brutality, flesh and thrill, rather than in words which occasionally go three or more syllables and often must be looked up in the dictionary before they can mean anything to the reader, those whose love for the Church is rarely more than for the baffling complexities of a printed page of 10 point, portrays in gruesome detail and lurid caricature, the serial story, hand drawn, of the sweet, innocent, little tot who went to the Sunday School Christmas service, received her gifts and took the part of an angel in the Candle-light pageant, only to perish in flames when a boy chorister was crowded into the tree with his lighted candle.

The high moral pictorially emphasized, is the unavoidable hazard and latent threat to child lives, inherent and inescapable in every Church Candle-light service. To bolster their claim they hail in the Fire Underwriters with their authoritative voice of accord. "No more Can-

dle-light Services." There must be a law, with the death sentence for any violators of the No-Candle-Light-Services law.

Bosh! It is just as probable the pictorial tirade was directed against the Service as much as against the candle. Who knows?

Fire is dangerous. So is electricity, so is gas, so is steam, but like publications they are dangerous only when they go out of control and that is an uncontrol minimized by common sense and reason, to the point where danger is practically non-existent.

One such Church fatality, if the story is not mere fiction, out of how many thousand candles used in Churches annually? One fatality is one too many. The Church dare not relax its care and concern to avoid Candle-light service incidents. But to denounce the lighted-candle, used for many generations of men as an emblem of a Light the occasional editor may never have seen, is superb inanity.

Were the saving of life the chief motivating aim of the publication, elemental consistency would demand it treat the auto and liquor with equal zeal, for they, each, in any hour of any day, snuff out more lives than Church Candles have in a century. This, of course, it cannot do for auto-makers and liquor-distillers are its best paying advertisers and money whispers sweet misleading myths to the picture publications.

It may come to an attack on the pipe organ in Church. Organ tones are vibrations. Vibrations out of control can destroy the universe. Be surprised at nothing.

The Church never kicks back. Therefore larrup the Church and its activities in a crusade to save the lives of children. What's to lose?

Consistency has become the rarest jewel of all.

STOP-GO Leader's Guide

Teaching the ten commandments to the modern child is set forth in a booklet of 58 pages, under the above title, by Irwin St. John Tucker, and published by Morehouse-Gorham Co., 14 East 41st Street, New York, 75c.

There are 21 chapters; some chapter titles are:—

Traffic Lights

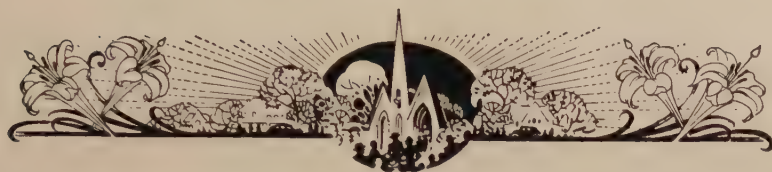
One Hand to Hold; One Hand to Help
I Know; I Must; I Will

Radio Guide

Fellowship With Man

Christ can find you that to do which will save your life from all the lower temptations, because he will crowd it with the higher interests.—C. Silvester Horne.

THE CHURCH AT WORK



Adventure in Religious Education

How one public school conducts a practical project in religious education is told by A. H. Hueker, principal of the Junior-Senior High School at Marshall, Missouri, in the NEA Journal, November, 1946, pages 480-481.

The NEA Journal is available in any local library, or the office of the local school principal, and reading the article will provide ideas for adaptation, as well as inspiration to work out some ideas of your own.

Some extracts from the article will provide food for thought and create a desire to study the full article:—

"Our faculty firmly believes that, while not within our province to give instruction, it is entirely permissible, legitimate, and indeed desirable to stimulate student interest in spiritual matters so that our churches may be assisted in reaching our school group more effectively.

"For a number of years the local Ministerial Alliance has sponsored an annual Religious Emphasis Week. An outstanding minister was engaged to conduct services each evening and address church and civic groups... One year the Superintendent invited the Alliance to bring its guest minister to the high school building to hold forum discussions on religious topics with students... The next year there was a heavy demand for repeating the activity, and the number of discussion questions was increased. Twenty-six conferences were held, inviting local ministers as well as the conference leader.

"Last year, thinking students would have ideas for improving the project, the President of the Ministerial Alliance and the high school principal called in ten selected seniors for a conference on ways and means. The result was an enthusiastic endorsement of the former plan, with some minor changes. We organized 35 forums on the following topics:

1. How does prayer work? How related to faith?

2. What does Christianity have to offer for the realization of world brotherhood and permanent peace?
3. Is there conflict between science and religion? Do the miracles as related in the Bible upset the laws of science as taught in our science courses?
4. How shall I think of God? Where and what is He?
5. Just what should church membership mean to me?
6. Christian marriage as the foundation for the ideal American home (Seniors only).

Students were permitted choice of topics; attendance was voluntary. Of a student body of 620 nearly 500 attended at least one conference. The following practical suggestions are offered as a result of the experience:

1. Groups must be kept small, preferably under 20.
2. Members of the group should be about the same age.
3. Students must be required to make up all school work missed in class. This keeps out loafers who attend to keep out of school classes.
4. Leaders must make careful preparation, keeping the age of the group in mind. They must never be surprised at any question asked. Quoting Scripture to answer questions usually is not acceptable.
5. Out-of-town leaders do a better job than local ministers, due mostly to the fact that students feel more free to ask personal questions.

Results, while largely intangible, may be summarized as follows:

1. Denominational lines are broken down completely. Many fine comments from parents and no criticism.
2. Students learn that the school is interested in promoting spiritual understanding and growth.

3. Parents are appreciative of the school's willingness to take a positive stand in promoting "things of the spirit".
4. The project has proved that young people are interested in honest and candid discussion, laying the foundation for a much more solid life than could possibly be made by requiring or expecting the acceptance of all spiritual doctrines without intelligent and honest thought.
5. The plan has pointed a way toward the building of youth interest in church life.

A canvass of student opinion yielded as the most frequent suggestion that the activity should be expanded. The articles continue with discussion of dramatic portrayal of various forms of worship, in order to instill respect for all faiths. These portrayals were inspired by a book, "One God, the Ways We Worship Him," by Florence Mary Fitch.

A Primer on Alcohol

The Council on Christian Social Progress of the Northern Baptist Convention, 152 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., has made available a 16-page, factual, visual presentation on the subject. It is 5c a copy.

Fifty million Americans—half of all Americans over 15 years of age—drink alcohol in some form of beverage, according to statistics issued by the U. S. Department of Commerce for 1944.

In *wine* 90,000,000 gallons, average 17% alcohol; paid \$325,000,000.

In *beer* 2,480,000,000 gallons, average 4% alcohol; paid \$2,915,000,000.

In *distilled spirits* 165,000,000 gallons, average 45% alcohol; paid \$3,860,000,000.

Total consumed through legal channels, 2,735,000,000; total paid \$7,100,000,000.

It is estimated that more than a billion dollars are spent illegally for bootleg liquor.

The money costs, which are more than double what we spend for schools, are as nothing when compared to the damage done to human life by this vast indulgence. Leaders of young people, who see at first-hand the havoc wrought in children's lives by drinking parents, should use their full influence to curb this giant inroad into American life.

Peace Begins On Our Street

Eight little boys threw their toy guns into a bonfire in Forest Park, Ill., on September 3, 1946, and signed a treaty which said: "Peace begins on our street."

The Washington Daily News reported the "treaty proceedings" as witnessed by a little gray-haired woman of 68 years, Miss Anna Grace Sawyer, who organized the peace conference and demobilized the small army that fought its battles on the spacious grounds around her house. She liked to have the children play in her yard, even if they trampled her flowers once in awhile, but one thing she did not like, that is guns.

"No guns, kiddies! No guns!" she would cry from her window, but the big brothers home from the war with guns and talk of guns inspired the youngsters to assemble their own guns, or whittle them out of wood. Guns they must have.

One night, as Miss Sawyer was tending her flowers, she heard, "Bang! Bang! You're Dead!" When she heard a rustle in the bushes, she called to them to come out, and "have lots of fun of a different kind!" The dead came to life, the enemy became friendly, and Miss Sawyer talked softly to them of the pain, sorrow and destruction caused by guns. Then she told of exciting and peaceful adventures. "Now, would you like to put your guns in this basket?" she asked. They would, and did. Eight small boys disarmed themselves of 12 guns.

"I suggest," said Miss Sawyer, "that we have a nice, big bonfire and burn them up." It was fun burning the guns, and fun when the little old lady led them to a little green table beside the sand-box. There lay a piece of brown paper with paper flowers at the corners. Scrawled in crayon was:—

"Peace begins on our street... Elgin Avenue Boys' Peace Club. Our world would be better without guns and with more fairness and kindness." Signed—. (They signed it: Jimmy, Jackie, Jerry,...)

Is there a potential disarmament due on your street? on my street? and is there a leader to take the part of Miss Sawyer? "Teach the children the way in which they should go..."

Learning to Understand Other Peoples

Teaching us to know and love our enemies is not a soft-hearted job; it is not easy to know and love our friends; it is not easy to know and love the members of our families. It is a hard-headed job of sharing the same world with all sorts of people, whether we like them or not.

Sharing implies *justice*, and *justice* implies some kind of organization to pronounce and enforce judgment; and this in turn demands

In addition to our best brains, the support of the plain people of every community and every nation; all countries and of all races.

Here is where *teaching* comes in—teaching in schools, where everything has to be learned by children, and also teachers out of school, where so much is to be unlearned by adults. The writer, the preacher, the radio commentator, all are teachers in this wider sense. Their task is not only to sell our democratic way of life to the defeated nations, but to sell ourselves a new concept of the future. There will be no lucky nations in the next war. "One world" has come, for good or evil, whether we like it or not.—*James Hilton, in This Week.*

Chain-Visitations for Keeping People in Touch with the Church

Muscatine, Iowa, pastors joined hands in conducting the local Evangelistic Home Visitation Campaign, under the leadership of Dr. Walter E. Woodbury of the Home Missions Society. Churches cooperating were:

- First and Lincoln Blvd. Baptist
- First Friends
- First United Brethren
- Nazarene
- Pentacostal
- First Christian

Specific calling was assigned to each pair of visitors, and there were 374 calls made; 41 additions to churches to date; 38 first conversions of faith; 19 church letters secured. But,—the work does not stop there. The visiting-teams are continued in service, and they will call one day each month throughout the year,—following up their initial ground-work.—*Watchman-Examiner.*

The Child in the Midst

The Committee on Juvenile Protection of the Northern Baptist Convention has published the pageant which was so enthusiastically received at its initial presentation in the Grand Rapids convention. Hundreds of requests for copies of the pageant have been made from all over the country.

The pageant is written by Amy Goodhue Boomies and is called, "The Child in the Midst," and can be ordered from the Committee at 19 South LaSalle Street, Room 1101, Chicago 3, Ill. The price is 25c with order.

Personal Touch

A pastor from New Jersey writes of making a habit of asking the birthdate of every

member in the church where he becomes pastor, and making careful entry of all births and baptisms. Each weekly bulletin lists the names and birthday of members during that week. The result: many cards, phone calls, and personal greetings, which go far to keep up the spirit of friendliness among members, old and young alike. People yearn for little personal attentions of this kind, and respond to its heartwarming influence in many ways.

Rural Church Presents Television Program

A successful rural church television program was presented November 20, 1946, at Schenectady, N. Y., by a group of rural people from near Ithaca, N. Y., according to an information bulletin from the Rural Church Institute, Barnes Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca.

The program was given over the General Electric Station WGRB, and the players were a group from the Caroline Valley Federated Church in the Tobey Larger Parish, who have been in religious drama for many years. A dramatization of Millet's painting "The Angelus" was selected for the occasion, and is believed to be the first rural church television program ever given.

Mrs. Sydney Giles, farmer's wife living near Ithaca, is the coach of the Caroline Valley Players. Those who took part in the play included a farmer, a village housewife, a high school boy, and a young farmer, who represented Millet as an unseen singing artist.

Other programs are to be presented by the group in 1947 through the courtesy of Station WGRB, its manager, Emerson Markham; announcer, Robert Childs, and director, Robert Stone. The programs are sponsored by the Rural Department of the N. Y. State Council of Churches, and the Rural Church Institute, of which the Rev. Ralph Williamson of Ithaca is jointly the director. Plans include aiding other rural church groups to prepare themselves for the time when television comes into widespread use.

God of the Atom

The above is the title of a new motion picture, the third in a series, by Dr. Irwin A. Moon, famous for his nationwide "Sermons from Science" demonstrations, and the showing will be one of the highlights of this year's Founder's Week Conference at Moody Bible Institute, February 3-9, 1947, Chicago. The first two films, "They Live Forever" and "The

God of Creation," have been widely shown in churches and schools across the country. The address is Moody Bible Institute, 153 Institute Place, Chicago 10, Ill.

New-Era Mission Plans

The Home Missions Council, representing 23 major Protestant denominations in this country and Canada, scheduled for its annual meeting at Buck Hill Falls, Penna., January 7-14, is to discuss a statement on the future of Protestant Home Missions regarded as "revolutionary in its implications" by executive secretaries, Dr. Mark A. Dawber and Miss Edith E. Lowry. According to a bulletin of December 18, the statement has been in preparation for six months, due to discovery of atomic power, bringing the Christian Church "face to face with a choice between sentimental and emotional religion or an intelligent, educated religion geared to a new era in world history."

"Christianity has more to gain by a proper understanding of the possibilities of atomic power and more to lose through its destructive use than any other institution in society," writes Dr. Dawber. Council activities are conducted through the following committees:

- Migrant Work
- Town and Country
- City and Bilingual Work
- Indian Work
- West Indies
- Alaska
- Sharecropper Work
- Comity and Cooperation
- Christian Approach to the Jews
- Youth and Student Work
- Home Mission Institutions
- Missionary Personnel

Inquiries may be addressed to Mr. George Dugan, Missions Public Relations, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Choir and Organ Music

New choir and organ music is constantly appearing on the market. Where one seeks such material for the enhancement of Church service, the names of the Oliver Ditson Company, Philadelphia; Theodore Presser Company, Philadelphia, and The John Church Company, also of Philadelphia, rank well to the top of the list of producers of choir and organ music for Church use.

Among such new compositions are the following: What Shall Ye Call Me? by Brownell; Thy Will Be Done, by Jones and

Spross; I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say, Spross; and the Men's Chorus, a cappella, Beautiful Saviour, by Fry; sacred songs and anthems by the Church Company.

Recent Presser output includes a collection of 18 Choral Bach Preludes, Kraft, for the organ; four organ compositions: March of the Priests, Mozart-Day; Prayer, Stabile; Song of the Good Shepherd, Diggle; Fragment, Young; Behold What Manner of Love, a sacred song by Thompson, and Keating's Second Junior Choir Book, containing some 38 Keating arrangements for the Junior Choir. O Son of God, Bach; O For a Thousand Tongues, Keating; Go Thou Before Us, Keating; At Eventide, Keating; Lord We Come Before Thee Now, Bixby, and God's Presence, Worth, are new Presser anthems.

Recent Ditson products include for the organ, 12 Choral Preludes on Familiar Hymn Tunes by Matthews, with Hammond Registration. The Beatitudes, Brown, and Child's Prayer, Burnam, are two new Ditson sacred songs. New Ditson anthems include, A New Commandment, Martin; There Is a Wideness in God's Mercy, Miles; Immortal Love, Marryott; O Be Joyful, Swinnen; Greater Love Hath No Man, Broadhead; Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken, Herold, and New Every Morning Is the Love, Marks.

The Lenten Season

(Easter is not just a day on the calendar, but is the climax of a season of thoughtful, soul-searching, and meditative contemplation on the part of millions of Christian believers. This year, when the individual Christian is confronted with personal responsibility for initiating a God-guided plan for world security, justice, and brotherhood, the Lenten Season is of especial moment).

Why?—Because the Saviour influence reaches so far back into human history, and expands so broadly into varied world activities. Jesus Christ, His teachings, promises, and basis for hope—has inspired the most lofty aims and achievements of man; the most inspiring art; the richest volume of music; such wide range of unselfish service, that we need the Lenten Season in which to humble our spirit in confession of guilt, to raise our hearts in thanksgiving to God for forgiveness, to set our mental and spiritual houses in order for the actual presence of the Risen Lord, upon whom all mortal men depend for salvation.

by Not?—Since all secular activities, including news sources, department stores, postoffice, recreational plans,—all emphasize added opportunities for mercenary and worldly gain during the Lenten and Easter Season,—why should not the Church, the one and only organization directly concerned with spreading the teachings of Jesus Christ, upon whom this season is built, be equally zealous and faithful in emphasizing Lent and Easter.

Think over some phases of this profound subject with us during the following Sundays:

1st Sunday—(February 23)

For God so loved the world—John 3:16; II Cor. 6: 1-10; Matt. 4: 1-11; Acts 1: 15-26; Matt. 11: 25-30; Gen. 31: 16; Psal. 101: 2; Ex. 3: 10.

2nd Sunday—(March 2, Reminiscere)

Be his witness unto all men—Acts 22: 15; I Thess. 4: 1-7; Matt. 14: 21-28; Job 36: 7; I Thess. 4: 11; Dan 1: 8; I John 1: 7.

3rd Sunday—(March 9, Oculi)

Give unto the Lord the glory due His Name—I Chron. 16: 29; Eph. 5: 1-9; Rom. 8: 6; Isa. 50: 4; II Thess. L: 10; 20: 17.

4th Sunday—(March 16, Laetare)

To love his neighbor as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings—Mark 12: 33; Gal. 4: 21-31; John 6: 1-15; Ex. 10: 11; Rev. 2: 7; Psal. 50: 15.

5th Sunday—(March 23, Judica)

I am come into this world, that they which see not might see—John 9: 39; Hab. 9: 11-15; John 8: 46-59; Isa. 7: 10-16; Luke 1: 26-38; Acts 3: 19.

6th Sunday—(March 30, Palm Sunday)

And if any man say aught unto you, ye shall say, the Lord hath need of them; and straightway he will send them—Matt. 21: 3; Phil. 2: 5-11; Isa. 50: 5-10; John 12: 1-23; Jer. 11: 18-20; Isa. 62: 1-63: 7; Luke 22: 1-23: 42.

7th Sunday—(April 6)

The angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door... His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow... And the angel answered the women and said, He is not here: for He is risen, as He said—Matt. 28; I Cor. 5: 6-8; Mark 16: 1-8; Acts 10: 34-41; Luke 10: 27 I Chron. 16: 28; Isa. 25: 8.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy

Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Matt. 28: 18-20.

There is food for thought in these themes and teachings; also, items worthy of discussion with friends, neighbors, and, yes, strangers.

* * *

Today is a critical time for the individual Christian, for mankind, for the Church of Jesus Christ. We, who are working here in our individual churches in these days of change and uncertainty, are facing a sacred obligation and very grave responsibility. Will there be a Church in this community in 10, 15 or 25 years from now? The answer lies with believing Christians, seeking Guidance through God's will, and firm determination to carry out our part of that stewardship.

(Based on suggestions from the program of Claude R. Shaver, Rossville, Illinois).

The Book for the World of Tomorrow

Some years ago, the American Bible Society produced its first moving picture, "The Book For the World of Tomorrow," with the co-operation of the Westinghouse Electric Company. This sound picture story of the history and distribution of the Bible was so popular that the Society purchased 139 copies of the film in order to take care of the bookings which were asked for by churches of many communions, from all parts of the land.

The first of 26 feature pictures based on the Bible, being filmed in a valley near Hollywood, Calif., resembling the topography of the Holy Land, was reported in September, 1946. The project is being undertaken by Anson Bond as a memorial to his father, Charles Anson Bond, in cooperation with the American Bible Society.

Because of the great length of the text of the Bible, each picture will cover a specific episode or a small series of chapters. It is estimated that finally a series of 150 feature pictures will be required to present both the Old and New Testaments. The first three pictures announced for production are The Nativity, The Parable of the Sower, and The Woman of Samaria. It is expected that the films will be available in color or black and white at rentals of \$10.00 or \$7.50, respectively.

According to a survey made by the American Bible Society in the fall of 1946, more than 5,000 churches in the U. S. are equipped with the type of projector using a 16-mm film, the size in which the Bible series is planned.

Brotherhood Week, February 16-23

The address for information on organizing a community, Church, or churches, for observance was included in the Methods of the January issue. However, the importance of emphasis on the aims of Brotherhood Week leads us to repeat here that suggestions are available from the National Conference of Christians and Jews, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Available Helps—

1. A series of 15-minute radio scripts for use over local stations, or public address systems.
2. School programs, comics, plays, and stories for all grade levels.
3. Fifteen-minute scripts for programs in which parents, teachers, and clergymen may participate.
4. Publicity material, spot radio announcements, editorials.
5. Brotherhood Week poster.
6. A report blank for local achievements.

The Church Resigns

"It refuses to budge," complained Elder Smith, shaking the door of old First Church.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, and the impatient knot of worshippers gathered about the front entrance had grown to what passed for a crowd in that congregation.

"But of course it will open," said Mr. Jones, strutting forward. "I don't come to church often, but when I do, I intend to get in."

"Really?" drawled a voice which seemed to come from the steeple. "Well you are not going to get in today, or ever again, I resign."

This highly dramatic and realistic little episode is printed in full on page 16 of the January 2, 1947, issue of the Watchman-Examiner. If you are seeking something that will focus attention on the "attendance problem" in the average American community, you have your answer here. This little drama would prove interesting to any group in your church, it would require little rehearsing, and believe us when we assure you that it will arouse the audience to a sense of obligation toward the Church. You will find the Watchman-Examiner in your local library, your local Baptist Minister's study, or write for this issue to 34 North Crystal St., East Stroudsburg, Penna., and inclose 10c with your order. It will be worth much more to any church group, seeking to arouse membership to attend church services regularly.

Lesson in Tithing A Living Demonstration

Perry Hayden, Tecumseh, Mich., was shown with Henry Ford, filling a shoulder-bag with the famous Dynamic Kernels of Biblical Tithing Wheat, during the sowing of the 230-acre field, resulting from the planting of a cubic inch of grain in 1940 in a small patch 4 ft. x 8 ft., to provide a living demonstration of Bible teaching in tithing and re-birth.

The tithe was taken out for the church after each year's crop was harvested, and the entire balance replanted each year. This year's crop from the 230 acres was 5,187 bushels, which will require more than 2,500 acres for planting the sixth and last crop of the experiment. If continued for seven years, it would cover the entire state of Indiana. In nine years it would require the whole United States, and in fifteen years it is estimated that it would cover the globe. After deducting the tithe, the balance left for replanting has exceeded the state average of Michigan every year.

Last year's 230-acre tract was on land furnished by Henry Ford, but this year's planting is so large that no single tract of land in Michigan could handle it, so the seed has been parcelled out to about 250 farmers throughout the country, who will plant the genuine Biblical Wheat and give the tithe to more than 150 different churches.

A representative field of the famous Dynamic Kernels is being planted inside the racetrack at the Adrian Fair Grounds, where the huge official celebration will be held during the harvest next summer. The wheat will be cut, threshed, ground into flour, baked into biscuits and fed to the multitudes in the grandstands right before their very eyes.

"The elaborate plans being completed by Perry Hayden, in co-operation with the Leewards County Fair Board, will make this a spectacular human-interest story," says Raymond J. Jeffreys, an Ohio publicist.

"The colorful parades, cutting and harvesting pageants showing equipment used from the Biblical days, down to the modern combines, and reports from the farmers throughout the country who are making possible the completion of the final year of the project, will make this great religious event a living demonstration of the Biblical truths regarding sowing, reaping, re-birth and tithing," says Perry Hayden, the Quaker miller and founder of the demonstration.

ila!

Bending over my desk, a friend picked up a copy of the New York Trade Compositor, and in glancing through its pages came upon a story by Philip Mann:

Every man has a good story or two out of his past personal experience if only the occasion arises when he may tell it. We heard such a story the other night while sitting up with three men on an all-night watch.

"I was a year out of the university," said the youngest of the group, "and in the pink of condition because I had played football. I had always been told that I had a temper like my grandfather. So, when a fellow hooked my tender in the Christmas traffic and then drove hurriedly off as I got out to talk to him, the stage was set for me to do my stuff. About ten blocks away I curbed him and rushed out madder than I had ever been in my life and wanting to do something about it. As I opened the front door with my right hand to jerk him out, it occurred to me, for some reason, to open the back door and look in.

"There sat as good an imitation of Daniel Boone as one could imagine. In front of him was a lot of bootleg whiskey and across his knees and pointing right into my middle was a long rifle. That gun looked actually as big as a cannon and I stopped speechless. But not Daniel. Without moving a muscle, he said, 'Christmas gift!'

"They were the only two words spoken. Completely deflated, I managed to shut both doors and get back into my car and drive away. I don't know that I have ever been really mad since that date."

Said the visitor, "There's a tip for me on how to keep my New Year's resolution! If a little drama could cure this young man's bit of losing his temper, it can serve as a good sign for me when I am slipping into what I had resolved to avoid. Somewhere along the path, I shall see the young chap, ready to do battle, and the climax of the scene door."

Give a Man a Chance

The other night before five hundred cheerleaders of the Boston Gridiron Club a little freshman, Levi Jackson, was awarded the George H. Lowe Memorial Trophy which is presented yearly to New England's outstanding football player.

Levi Jackson is a Negro, the first of his race ever to receive this award.

Among the elite of New England's gridiron world who were present to honor him were Coaches Dick Harlow of Harvard, Tussie Laughry of Dartmouth, Herb Kopf of the Boston Yanks, and Referee Paul Swaffield.

Reggie Root, Yale's line coach, spoke warmly of Jackson as scholar and athlete and praised him as a man of integrity and purpose. Before

going to college, Jackson was asked, "Why do you want to enter Yale?" He answered, according to Root, "Because I want to get an education so that I can help my race better."

In accepting the award Jackson said, "It is very difficult for me to express my feelings. I own only part of this trophy. The other part belongs to the other members of the team and the coaches for giving us a very successful season."

Things like this are happening daily in many parts of America as Americans affirm their ancient faith that in this country recognition and reward belong to men of ability and achievement without respect to their race, religion, or national origin.

Give a man a chance. Give him opportunity. Protect his rights—and talents, perhaps long buried, will be brought to light. That is the way American life is enriched. That is the way to progress. That is the American way. Give a man a chance.—William C. Kernan, *Institute for American Democracy*.

Map of Days

Mark 1: 11. "There came a voice from heaven . . ."

Mark 1: 15. "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand, repent ye, and believe the gospel."

Upon my wall I hang this map of days—

Each day within its own small separate square;

They lie before me, strange uncharted ways,
And I must travel there.

God go with me. I dare not go alone.

Too many devious paths lead down the land.
And I shall need, in that strange vast unknown,
Thy hand upon my hand.

Day by day walk with me—help me find

The high footpaths of peace, the ways of light;

And in my climbing, let me leave behind
No bruised hurt thing at night.

For every day's equipment let me take

The staff of Faith; Hope's lamp to guide
my feet,

A cup of water, and a loaf to break
With others that I meet.

I hang this map of days upon my wall,

Strange, sad and glad emotions clutch my heart—

The midnight bells shout out their silver call,
And it is time to start!

—Grace Noll Crowell.



THE PULPIT



TRUST IN GOD

HERBERT W. HAHN

Text: "Though he slay me yet will I trust him." Job 13:15.

ONE of the commonest things that religious people do is to trust in God. So wide spread is this trust that it seems natural for many not only to believe in a Supreme Being, but also to put their confidence in a Power that is greater than man. Yet it is well to note that not all people trust God in the same way. Generally speaking one could easily classify them in two categories—those who trust God when everything goes well, and those who trust Him in spite of everything, even when sorrow, affliction and trouble overwhelms them. Typical examples of both ways of trusting God are found in outstanding characters of the Old Testament. In the twenty-eighth chapter of the book of Genesis there is the story of Jacob and the vow which he made at Bethel. This, as you will note, is one way in which people frequently trust God: "If God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to wear, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God."—that is to say, "If He will do all this for me, then will I trust Him."

As one turns to the book of Job, however, and reads of his great afflictions, and notes his unwavering loyalty to God—even after he had lost his possessions, his family and his health he declared, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him", then you will see an example of unflinching trust in God even amid the most trying experiences of life. Jacob's trust at the time he made his vow at Bethel seems to have been based on the conditions of prosperity and good fortune; that is, if God would prosper and bless him, then he would trust in Him. But Job's trust, on the other hand, was based on absolute confidence in God; and it did not

fail when misfortune, hardship, and suffering came. His trust was unconditional, and did not depend on material fortune, prosperity, and continued good health.

How many of us at times are inclined to be like Jacob! When it comes to trusting God, we, too, would say, "If God will give me success, send prosperity my way, and bless me with good health, then I will, indeed, trust Him—but when my health is gone, if I meet with reverses, or lose my possessions, then I will no longer trust Him."

But it is a great mistake to trust God only when all goes well with us. If adversity is bound to come, it will come whether we trust God or not; and what advantage is there in trusting God only until adversity befalls us—if we are going to discontinue our trust when we meet with hardships? Or what profit is there in trusting God when the sky overhead is clear and the sun is shining brightly, if we are going to give up our trust when the storm clouds gather and the winds begin to blow? It is at such times, when things all around us are dark and we cannot see the way before us, that we need most to trust in God. Fair weather religion is not sufficient. It takes unflinching trust to see us through.

Outstanding heroes of faith in all ages maintained their trust in God in spite of clouded skies, prevailing darkness, and obstructed pathways. Horatio Gates Spafford, even after losing a large part of his fortune in the Chicago fire and hearing of the loss of his children at sea, could still write:

"When peace like a river attendeth my way,

When sorrows like sea-billows roll—

"Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,

'It is well, it is well with my soul.'"

Life for all of us has its dark hours and trying experiences, when it seems that everything collapses. It may be due to financial reverses, ill-health, frustrated hopes, or sor-

South Bethlehem, N. Y.

sw, bereavement and death, yet in words of Holy Writ, we may say, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril or sword?", and answer, "Nay, for all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

A number of years ago Dr. Arthur John Gossip, one of England's distinguished preachers, wrote a book entitled, "The Hero in Thy Soul"; and in it he had one chapter headed, "When Life Tumbles in; What Then?" It contained the essence of the first sermon he preached after his wife's "bewilderingly sudden and undreamed of death." This tragic experience was, indeed, a blow to him; but he did not lose faith, or give up his trust in God. Instead he entered his pulpit, and preached that sermon with remarkable insight into life and its perplexing problems.

"When Life Tumbles in, What Then?", may appear as an academic question to us, as long as it tumbles in for some one else; but when it begins to tumble in on ourselves, we come face to face with a life situation from which we cannot escape. What do we do when our own heart breaks, and when our own life goes to pieces? Do we become cynical or pessimistic? Those who become cynical may say that "the universe is unfair, that ultimate reality is cruel. That there is no God behind this world of ours; and if there is, He's totally indifferent to our tragic experiences of a life." Thus it was when Mark Twain wrote his book, "The Mysterious Stranger", in which he mercilessly attacked the entire scheme of things; and wondered why God who created the universe did not make a better world, from which suffering was eliminated.

There are various ways in which people react to their crushing experiences in life. Some call them mere illusions of the mind, and say that they are not real. Others, admitting their reality, seek relief by endeavoring to forget them. Thus they say, "Eat, drink and be merry, for that is a good way of escape from your troubles." Others indulge in drinking, in the hope that they might drown their sorrows and their frustrations in liquor. Still others indulge in the use of drugs and become drug addicts, plunge in an endless round of social functions—bridge parties, dances, movies—or in occupational pursuits, as a certain

writer put it, "I keep on working feverishly—producing pageants, writing poetry, anything so that I do not have time to think." Occasionally there are those who, finding all these other methods of escape ineffective, resort to a more drastic measure of self-destruction, and by means of suicide try to get away from a life which to them seems unbearable.

There, to be sure, are others who, when the crisis of life is upon them, take the attitude of the Stoic, and say that, "Since this is our fate and destiny, whether we like it or not, we must accept and bear it." This was true in the case of William Ernest Henley who at the age of eleven fell victim to the ravages of tuberculosis of the bone. Later it was found necessary to amputate one foot; and in order to save the other foot he placed himself under the care of the then unknown Professor Lister in Edinburgh. For twenty months he stayed in a hospital, suffering constantly and undergoing more than a score of painful operations without the use of anasthesia. Out of the background of such an experience as this, he wrote his "Invictus"—the Song of the Stoic.

His words remind us of one who tries to keep up his courage by whistling in the dark. But in contrast with the Stoic, brave though he may be, who seeks to face life and its perplexing problems without divine aid, there is the man who, like Job of old, does not waver in faith nor falter in trust, but asserts, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." "For sheer splendor", says Dr. Gossip, "there is nothing compared to a man, when the dark falls, and the test comes, and some black rushing water must be crossed"—especially one who believes that whatever may happen, or whatever anyone else may do, he, by the grace of God, may master even the most critical situations of life. Like the Psalmist of old he declares, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" When those who are nearest and dearest to him, are taken away, he can say with Job, "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And by faith comes the answer, "The Eternal God is (my) refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

How many broken-hearted and despairing souls could be saved and find new hopes in life, if only they maintained faith and continued to trust in God when they needed Him most!

A negro preacher, who once had a tragic sorrow in his life and almost wavered in faith, went to see another minister whom he knew would understand him. He had a long con-

sultation with him, and later in commenting on his experience, he said, "When I went in there all the stars had dropped out of my heaven, and one by one he put them back in." This is what unfailing faith and trust in God will do for us—put the falling stars back into the arching skies of our lives.

Job, indeed, had a strange experience. He not only had lost his possessions and his family, but was suffering from an apparently incurable disease. His tragic experience was enshrouded in mystery, and he could not understand how God could permit all these things to befall him. Yet he put his faith and confidence in God, and relied on His goodness though the opposite appeared to be true. So sure was he of the everlasting goodness and fidelity of God, that even in his greatest suffering and deepest agony he could not think of losing faith, but with assurance stated, "Though he slay me yet will I trust him."

But someone may say that the faith and trust of Job is impractical; for if God should slay a man what would be the use of trusting Him? In answer it might be well to say that we all must die at one time or another, whether we trust God or not; then, why not rather choose to die trusting Him? The fact remains, however, that Job did not die in his great calamity, but recovered from his afflictions and lived for many years. The high, worthy and ennobling trust of Job helped him to preserve his own moral integrity; to hope

against hope, and to emerge triumphant in the end.

In time of severe illness we may not always recover from our sufferings. If, however, we have known God and had intimate communion and fellowship with Him, we may confidently say with the Psalmist, "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

Trust which is prefaced with the unconditional "though" instead of "if" has helped to make the greatest character of all time. Listen to the words of Jesus as He prays in the garden of Gethsemane. He does not promise, "Father, if thou wilt take away this cup from me, then I will trust thee," but says, "If it be not possible that this cup pass from me except I drink it, Thy will be done." It was not easy for Him to drink the bitter cup of suffering, for it meant the desertion of friends, the cruel treatment of foes, the scourging by Roman soldiers, the crown of thorns, and the agony of death upon the cross. But Jesus knew God so well that He was willing to trust Him even upon the cross. To be sure, in one brief moment of His loneliness, he cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But in the end, from that same cross of pain and suffering, He uttered with confident assurance, as He bowed his head in death, these words, "Father into Thy hands I commend my Spirit."

"Though He slay me yet will I trust Him."

HUMBLE WAYS OF HELPING JESUS

CHARLES HADDON NABERS

Text: Mark 11:3.

SWIFT to their close flowed the days of the ministry of Jesus. Jerusalem lies in front. The final Passover feast, before the proper celebration of which Jesus is to be crucified, is even now being prepared. The vanguard of the pilgrims from all the fringes of the Roman Empire, where Jews are making the wheels of trade go round and round, has begun to fill the city so that its edges spread forth until it resembles a modern Washington in a world war.

For Jesus, Galilee is a closed book. The place where He had called His disciples, where He had taught multitudes beside the

Greenville, S. C.

sea, the place where He had worked mighty wonders, is to see Him never again until after He has conquered the tomb.

For Jesus, an entry is to be made into Jerusalem. It is Sunday. Thursday night the Last Supper will be instituted, and Friday morning he will be tried, condemned to death and crucified. Now on Sunday morning he leaves Bethany on the eastern slope of Olivet, and travels westward to the city. Between the group of disciples and the temple court lies another little village. To that village Jesus sends two of His followers saying: "Go your way into the village over against you: and as soon as ye be entered into it, ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man sat; loose him, and bring him. And if any man say unto

...Why do ye this? say ye that the Lord hath need of him; and straightway he will send him hither." It turned out precisely as Jesus had said.

This little story is the prelude to the Triumphant entrance of Christ into the city where the multitudes herald Him as King. That is another story.

This little story is the prelude to the events of the final week which crowded one upon another with such speed as to send not only the witnesses, but far distant readers, breathless before the most astounding tragedy of the birth. That is also another story—the whole story of Christianity.

This little story is an emphasis on the faith of the disciples. When two of them are sent out on a strange errand, the significance of which is unknown to them, they did not stop for questions; they didn't hesitate for many objections; they went with a simple trust that any Christians would do well to study. But that too is another story.

These stories have all been commented upon, and their implications drawn often to the attention of the Bible student. There is, however, yet another angle from which this incident can be viewed. It is from the viewpoint of the man who had something that the Lord could use, and when he was given the opportunity of letting the Lord use it, he did so without either complaint or hesitation. From this viewpoint, the story is that of an unknown man who let the Master use a colt led to a door at the intersection of two village streets. It is the tale of a man who loaned to Galileans a beast of burden for the major portion of a single day.

If somebody had dropped into this man's little stone hut the next day, and said, "I am told that you are the man who let Jesus have the colt upon which He entered the temple," he would have shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly, and if the man made any other comment, he would no doubt have added, "It is nothing. It is no more than anybody else could have done; and I would rather it were not mentioned again." Or to use our language, "It is nothing to write home about, or to make the headlines on the morning news."

Yet there is something, something vital.

Jesus laid more emphasis on the so-called little things than we do. The man might have passed up the loaning of the colt the next day; but a quarter of a century hence, the incident would have loomed larger than the passover, than all the passovers he ever attended, and practically everything else. Then he would have said: "I remember that day

better than all else. I am glad I had the colt, that Jesus sent for him, and that He used my colt to ride into Jerusalem."

This sort of emphasis on the so-called little things that we do is manifest in the ministry of Christ many times. Outside of the glory of the resurrection, one miracle and one only is found in all four Gospels. That miracle is the feeding of the five thousand. The material for this miracle was something simple and small—a little boy's lunch of five loaves and two fish. A greater miracle was the revelation of His divinity to the woman at Jacob's well, and the consequent saving of an entire Samaritan village; and the wedge through which Jesus entered into that situation was the simple and small request for a drink of water from the well. Jesus emphasized these so-called little things in the parables which made clear and definite the essentials of the kingdom of God. A lamb that wandered astray, a coin that fell into some dark corner, a boy that wandered from a good home, an observation as to what happens to seed when dropped by the farmer,—all these were little things, as we rate things of earth, but with them, Jesus taught the deepest and highest truths. You need not therefore be surprised to discover this same emphasis on what we may falsely deem trivial in all parts of the Bible. A boy's sling shot in the hand of David slew Goliath, and decided the issue between two armies. A rod in the hand of Moses became the symbol of Jehovah's power in the throne room of the Egyptian monarch. The manner of drinking water at the stream either put a man into the armies of Gideon, or sent him home as unfit for service. And in our lives, whenever we get sufficient perspective, we see that the things we thought rather humble and small at the time may be pivots that turned the years.

There are some suggestions from this story which merit our sober contemplation.

First, there is nothing that we have or that we are, but that it can become a consecrated bit, a thing or talent, upon which can well be inscribed, "Holiness unto the Lord," if it be turned over to Jesus with no strings attached. Therefore, there is never any occasion for the lowliest or the poorest to lament his lack of possession or power. When the temple at Jerusalem was crowded at the Passover season, and the wealthy Jews from all the lands in which they were scattered, returned with their gifts of gratitude to God, the widow might well have said: "I have only a couple of mites to give. It is so meagre that I shall not push my way through

the prosperous throng to cast these thin coppers into the treasury. I'll stay home, and make room for those who have something worthwhile." But she didn't; and the glory of the New Testament is that the echo of the approving words of Jesus rolls over the world until every land has heard of the beauty of this simple gift. If this truth applies to the amount of one's gift, and thereby leaves no one as an alien, it also applies to the sort of gift one is able to make. If we have not the gift of oratory to win men to Christ, we can whisper a word of love to a friend about Jesus, and if we do not have the gift of song to sing of His grace, we can bring a friend to the place where one can sing; if we do not have a ship to carry missionaries to the Congo, we might loan a colt for the evangelist of Christ to use.

Second, "the manner in which you make answer to the simple requests is a clear indication of the content of your mind and heart. One of our revival hymns used to be, "Is Your Heart Right Towards God?" I never liked that hymn very much, for it presupposed that the question was answered in some spectacular manner, for all the world to see. Not so with most of us. Not so with all of us most of the time. The closing chapter of Luke's Gospel tells how Jesus after the resurrection, joined Himself to a couple of the disciples and was with them for supper. "Their eyes were holden that they should not recognize Him. But, says the writer,

around the supper table, "He was known to them in the breaking of bread," by a simple act that was a part of His daily life. We are known to our home town by the tones we use over the telephone, by the habitual expressions on our face as we cross Main street, by the way we look as we listen to the radio, and to people who just could never be interesting, by the sort of things that make us alert, by the manner in which we treat the clerks on duty in the shop where we cannot find the things we think we want to buy, by the smile we have or we do not have when we are delayed again, and we are in such a hurry, by the sort of conversation that we like best to hear, by the participation in the sorrows or the joys of others, by the type of affairs in the city where we can always be found, and by the type of affairs that we habitually miss, by the regularity of our attendance at the worship services of our church and church school, by the fact that folks either come to us or get far from us in their sorrows, by the courtesies, by those little unremembered acts of kindness and of love, by the immediate loaning of a colt to two poorly dressed men who said that their Master had need of it.

To sum up: here is a lesson of truth and beauty from the word of God. Serving like this unnamed man served, is a way open to all of us, and we can enter this doorway to service any time. It is our service that sets forth the content of our heart.

THE STRANGER AT YOUR DOOR

CLARENCE EDWARD MACARTNEY, D.D.

*"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."
Rev. 3:20.*

IN THE city of Laodicea, there was a Christian Church. Who the founder of it was we do not know. Paul himself may have been there, for when he speaks in the Letter to the Colossians about his concern for them at Laodicea and for as "many as have not seen my face in the flesh," that does not necessarily mean that he was never there. But by whomever founded, a church had arisen in this important city, and to this church the last of the Letters is addressed. It is the most severe of all the letters. Although other churches also were censured, there was always

Pittsburgh, Pa.

some good thing which Christ had found and mentioned in them. He says to each one of the Church, "I know thy works." To Ephesus, "I know thy works; thy labor and thy patience." To Smyrna, "I know thy works; thy tribulation and poverty." To Pergamos, "I know thy works, that thou hast not denied my Faith." To Thyatira, "I know thy works; thy charity, service, faith and patience." To Sardis, "I know thy works. Thou hast a few names which have not defiled their garments." To Philadelphia, "I know thy works. Thou hast kept My word and hast not denied My Name." But to this church at Laodicea he says: "I know thy works. Thou art neither hot nor cold. Because thou

not lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will spew thee out of my mouth." The church here is denounced as boasting of its riches, whereas it is poor; as thinking it can see, whereas it is blind; as thinking it is clothed in fine raiment, whereas it is naked. What a description that is of the sinner's mind and the sinner's heart! It is not until the Holy Spirit has done its work in his heart that he sees how blind and poor and naked and wretched he is.

Nevertheless, it is to this church in which so good work is found, and which is so severely denounced, that Christ speaks the most beautiful promise in all these Seven Letters, the promise which has inspired hymns and sermons and music and painting, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come into him and will sup with him and he with Me."

Who Is It That Knocks?

The One who stands knocking is the Lord Jesus Christ. In the beginning of the Letter to this Church Christ says that He is the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God. The One who knocks is the One whose name is called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, of the increase of whose Government there shall be no end.³ He is the One unto whom all power has been given in heaven and on earth; the One whom John saw standing in the midst of the Seven Golden Candlesticks with the seven Stars in His hand, the One before whom every creature which is in heaven and on the earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, fall down and worship, the One Whose Name is above every name, the One who, mounted on the White Horse, leads the armies of heaven to victory over Satan; the One who is the Alpha and Omega, King of the ages. And yet there he stands, a loving, humble, gentle, patient suppliant, knocking at the door of a sinner's heart!

This, I should say, is the most wonderful thing in the Apocalypse. Not the River of Water of Life; not the Great White Throne with the rainbow round about it; not the walls of the New Jerusalem with its foundations of precious stones, and its gates of pearl; and not the Sea of Glass mingled with fire; but Jesus Christ, the Prince of Heaven, the Son of God, the King of the Ages, knocking at the door of a sinner's heart.

Very often we put it the other way. We speak of man knocking at the door of Heaven. We describe man as seeking after God. But

here we have God seeking after man, Christ waiting at the door of man's heart, for the Son of man is come to seek and to save the lost. And what is pictured here is true of every soul. Christ stands at the door of your heart. Who are we that He should wait at our door? Amazing condescension! Love so amazing, so divine! "For herein is love, not that we love God" — for until He loved us, we never did that — "but that God loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation of our sins."

How He Knocks

Christ knocks on the door of our heart in all the circumstances and providences of life. In success, in failure, in strength and weakness, in happiness and sorrow, in hope and despair, in society and in solitude, in the church and in the Bible, in the still, small voice of conscience, in all the fluctuations of the stream of life's experiences, in every longing for a better life, in moments of contrition and regret, in moments of dissatisfaction with self, in deliverance from danger, in all the events of life, Christ is knocking on the door of our heart and asking for admission.

He patiently waits and patiently knocks, yet He never forces His way into our heart. What He says, is, "If any man hear my voice, and open unto Me I will come in unto him." This is in contrast with other things that enter into the house of our soul. A man may bolt and bar his door and close his window against sickness, sorrow, fear, pain, care, and death, but in spite of all, and against his will, they enter in and take possession. But not so Christ. Before He enters you must open the door to Him.

The Reward of Opening Unto Him

But before we speak of the reward, a word about the peril and loss of refusing to let Him in. That, in the end, means the loss of His friendship, loss of His companionship, the loss of His fellowship. Christiana Rossetti has a poem in which she imagines a man, embittered against the world, shutting himself up in his house and grimly resolving that never again will he admit friend or stranger. But all through the night he hears one knocking on his door, and a voice pleading with him to let him in; and all through the night he refuses to admit him and tells him to be gone. At length, as the night wore to the morning, the sound of the knocking ceased, and the pleading, gentle voice was heard no longer. Then the man opened his door, and lo, on his door there were the marks of blood where a pierced hand has been knocking, and lo, on

the grass, there were the marks of blood where pierced feet had been standing!

It is by the act of faith that we open the door to Christ. That is all He meant when He said, "If any man hear my voice and open unto Me." To open unto Christ is to ask Him to come in and take charge of your life, your business, your family, your friendships.

The reward of opening to Him is described in what He says here. "I will come in unto him and will sup with him and he with Me." That means His fellowship, that we share His life. Other guests have entered the house of our soul, such as sorrow and fear and hate and anger and passion, but they came only to hurt and to injure and to stain. But Christ comes to bless, to bestow "the blessing that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow thereto." This is the glorious possibility of our life, of human nature, that Christ can enter into it and actually dwell in our hearts. That is the grand possibility that St. Paul had in mind when he prayed for the Ephesian Christians, that "Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith." Do you want that Guest? Is anyone here today keeping Him out?

The greatest sermon ever preached on this text is Holman Hunt's *Light of the World*. There are two originals of this masterpiece. One in Keble College, Oxford, and the other on a column in St. Paul's Cathedral. No one can look upon it without being moved. What you see is a door with rusty hinges, barred

and closed, and all about the door rank grass and weeds and overgrown bushes, to indicate the ruin of the soul. The suppliant Saviour is clad in the white robe of the prophet and wears the breastplate of the priest; and on His head is the crown of the King, only it is a Crown of Thorns. In his left hand he holds a lantern. The light from the lantern, which shows the lower part of the door, and the rank weeds and grass about it, is the fiercely burning light of conscience. But the other light is the light which shines from the Saviour's face, the light of hope and forgiveness. The right hand is lifted and is knocking on the panel of the door, while the head is slightly inclined towards the door, as if the one who knocks were eagerly and wistfully, listening to hear if there will be a response to His knocking. There you have summed up the approach to God through the Holy Spirit and through Jesus Christ to our souls. It is the moment of destiny; it is the last appeal of love and mercy; and looking upon it, one cannot help asking, "Will he get in?"

Perhaps, if one of the archangels were here this morning, he might be able to see and paint a scene just like that, the Saviour of men standing at the long, closed door of some heart and life, knocking gently, but persistently, and speaking gently, and yet earnestly, "If any man hear My voice and open unto Me, I will come in unto him and will sup with him and he with Me." Will you let Him in?

DISCIPLESHIP THAT BEARS FRUIT

JAMES B. BINNS

"Truly, truly, I say unto you, except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." John 12:24.

IN the narrative from which our text is taken, we have the ancient counterpart of many people today, people who come saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus." In our narrative it is a party of Greeks, who approached Philip, saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus." Philip passes the word along to Andrew, and both tell Jesus. At first sight it looks as if Jesus made no response to the request of the Greeks who wanted to see Him.

It is a plain physical fact that wheat brings

Chelsea, Eng.

forth new life only from the seed of the old, as we all know, but, it is only as we apply this statement of Jesus as he intended it, that we can understand how he answered the need of the Greeks, our need, and the need of all men who come seeking salvation.

It is only as we apply this well-known fact to our own lives that we too will bear fruit, spiritually. We may shrink from the application to ourselves, out of fear of the meaning involved, in that we must lose ourselves in Jesus Christ, in order to bring forth the spiritual fruit necessary to the salvation of those not yet within the fold of Christ's redeeming love.

Our fear of facts makes no difference; as facts, our admission or rejection of them will

have no bearing on them whatsoever. Carlyle is said to have picked up a book, written by a woman, who began by writing, "I accept the universe. . . ." His comment, as he put the book away, was, "Gad, sir, she'd better!" A grain of wheat has in it the principle and the possibility of life, but something has to happen to that grain before that principle can be put to work; before that principle can be turned into active power. "He that loveth his life loseth it."

In His statement, Jesus passes from the natural to the spiritual order. Natural life, that is physical life, differs from spiritual life in that it is not on the same level, its needs are different, its accomplishments are limited. However, Jesus used the known fact about the grain of wheat, to help physical beings, living a natural life, to understand spiritual laws. We have no difficulty in witnessing the change in the grain in natural life, although we do not understand it; we are asked by Jesus to accept this truth on faith about our spiritual life, although we do not understand it.

"And he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." Here we have the opposite of the former principle, stated just as positively. Life, as man knows it, is a physical existence, with all its privileges, responsibilities, potentialities; with its human frailties and idealistic hopes. Upon the use man makes of the potentialities, of the ideals and hopes, depends his development into a being, something more than just man. It is the reach upward into the realm of spiritual life that transforms the natural man into the spiritual being. The soul raised from natural realms into the realm of spiritual life becomes the agent of God's purposes, where it gives up its own purposes and desires, and submits willingly to the aims and purposes of God, through Jesus Christ. Such a soul takes on a new life, new qualities, new strength, new aims.

Many of us join in the prayer Jesus taught His early disciples, and say, "Thy will be done in earth and in heaven." Of course, we know the only way God's will can be done in earthly life is through us, yet few of us actually submit ourselves unreservedly to God's will, as our prayer indicates that we do. A soul actually carrying on under God's direction casts off thought of self, resentment against those who seem fortunate in possessions; such a soul embraces a new set of values, and new energy is poured forth in redemptive service.

The losing of one's self is a hard matter, because natural man comes into life with an overwhelming sense of self,—self-importance,

our rights. Yet, here we are face to face with Jesus, and his simple but stern demand that we "lose ourselves" in order to bring forth greater works in His Name. Jesus does not ask that we submit to crucifixion on a hilltop, physically; He demands that we climb to the hilltop spiritually, and carry on for Him. "Laying down one's life" does not imply physical death here; it implies supplanting our desires by those of Jesus Christ, thus increasing our stature to the proportions He has in mind for us. Laying down one's life does not imply martyrdom of the physical body; for many it does imply as great a struggle in the spiritual realm, hence they never quite "lose their personal desires" to Jesus Christ.

Surrender to Jesus Christ Is Not Sentiment

The demand of Jesus Christ that we surrender our desires to Him has nothing to do with our feelings; His demand is not vague. Self-esteem does not help us in obeying this demand; it does not help us to surrender to Christ; nor does it help us to bring others to Christ. Surrender to Christ is not pictured as adding to our social stature, or our possessions; the grain of wheat must surrender to the conditions that will permit new growth, *out of the old, not on top of the old*. All that inheres in us, not of service to God, must go.

Somewhere we again see written, "If anyone wishes to come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross day after day, and so follow me; for whoever wants to save his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for my sake, he will save it." (Luke 9:23) This is not outward change; this is inward change. This is more than reading the Word, hearing the Word; it is doing the Word. Any outward change must follow the inward change. Paul's change in point of view, his efforts, his service to Jesus Christ, came as a result of his inward change.

Let us emphasize again, that the call is not for any highly dramatic action; it is not a call to self-denial; rather, it is a call for a positive decision to submit our wills to Christ. This is an initial and significant act, and must be followed, day by day and hour by hour, adherence to that initial decision. This does not imply that we shall rush out as flaming torches of missionary zeal, and bring armies of men and women into God's fold. Our task is to let Jesus Christ communicate through us to those who will receive Him.

The great drawback to many professing Christians is that they have learned these truths of Life Everlasting as they learned their copy-book maxims, from other professing Christians

Dust in the Water

During the fearful war men fought on land, on the sea, in the air and under the ocean. There was no place where men could go, where they did not fight, so terrible was the conflict.

Many very strange devices were made as instruments of warfare to help them fight wherever they were. One of the interesting developments was a light which was made for use under water. The idea was to use them just like the headlights of an automobile are used, only they were to be put on submarine boats which go below the surface of the water. If the lights would work they would light up the depths of the ocean so that the pilot of the submarine could see where he was going and he could also see any enemy boat that came near.

But the under-water lights did not work satisfactorily at all. Oh, they did light up the water a little way ahead, but that was all. And I doubt if you can tell why those lights didn't work. It was because under water, there is dust just like there is on land. Dust in the water! That sounds funny, but the scientists have proved that that is true, and because there is that dust even down deep in the ocean, the lights were unable to light up the water, as it was hoped they would. Just tiny, tiny little dust particles, so small that the scientists say it would take about 50,000 lying side by side to measure an inch in length. Yet these tiny microscopic dust particles made it impossible for light to shine through.

Just so it is with the little dust particles in our lives which keep the light out and make them darker than they should be. One or two little wrongs don't seem very important to us. But they are important, for where there are one or two there will be more and finally, unless we do something there will be so many that they, like the dust in the sea will keep the light of life from shining for us along the way we want to go, and should go. The little things are the ones which look far from dangerous or bad. But when you have enough little dust particles in your life, little fibs, little stories, little disobediences, little naughtinesses, littleangers, they all add up to something that can be so big, that they will shut the light right out of our lives. And we don't want that, do we?

who looked upon them in the same impersonal manner, and the whole and awful fact rests upon their outward being like a cloak protecting them from the ill-winds of family and community life; when conditions are suitable, the cloak may be removed, when conditions change, the cloak is resumed. There is no fruit brought forth here.

All great buildings are built first in the laboratory and designing room; all great victories over disease are first won in the experimental laboratory. In "Pathways to the Reality of God," page 180, Rufus Jones says, "All victories are won within the soul before they become actual conquests in the world of fact." The principle is inexorable; it is constant, in every phase of life. This is a stern call, not to imitation, but to obedience in and through the power of Christ Himself. We shall not achieve victory in our own power; Christ is the only one who can achieve that victory in and through us. All who will may come. The invitation is not limited to a few chosen ones; the invitation is as wide as the number of living beings.

In God Alone Rests Our Hope of Salvation

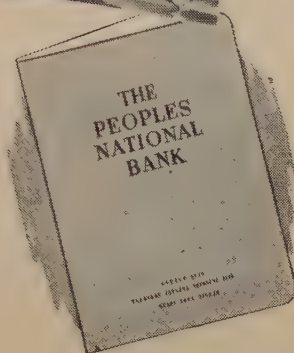
God, through Jesus Christ, can raise us up to newness of life, and He depends upon our willingness to accept this so great a gift at His hands. We lay down the old life voluntarily, and choose to accept the new. To accomplish this, the Holy Spirit stands ready to quicken us in our forward step. William James wrote, "We become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many acts and hours of work." True in a physical world not so in the spiritual world. We become saints by repenting our sins, seeking the forgiveness of Him against whom we have sinned, and yielding our lives to His direction. Thus, we become instruments in winning others to Him; thus, we bear fruit unto His Kingdom, in and through Him.—Adapted from address in "Christian World Pulpit."

God Is Broadcasting

Ps. 85:8. "I will hear what God the Lord will speak."

Listening-in! Are you listening-in?
When does the broadcasting really begin?
God in his heaven is speaking, I know:
What is the message he's broadcasting now?

INDEPENDENCE AT 65



PLAN NOW FOR A HAPPY FUTURE!

**Do the things you've
always wanted to do**

MONEY TO PAY BILLS

When we reach the sunset years of life, most of us would like to know that there'll be an additional regular income to the usual pension or retirement allowance. Every man hopes to be able to reap the full enjoyment of life and to provide for his family the little "extras" which make life worthwhile. He knows, too, the need for protection to his family in event of his death.

A DUAL BENEFIT — Protection and Income

Ministers Life and Casualty Union policies provide the perfect answer to the problem of a life income and protection for the family. Let us tell you how you can face the future with confidence. Write today.

DO YOU WANT . . .

- to be independent at 65
- to continue your care for your family in case of death
- to build an educational fund for your children
- money to pay bills when you are disabled.

**OPEN ONLY TO THOSE PROFESSION-
ALLY ENGAGED IN RELIGIOUS WORK**

THE MINISTERS LIFE AND CASUALTY UNION
100-A West Franklin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part, tell me how I can ☐ Protect My Family, ☐ Build a Retirement Fund, ☐ Guarantee College Education for My Children, ages:....., ☐ Pay for Sickness or Accident.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Exact birth date.....

Denomination.....

Exp. 2-47

Learning to Skate

I watched some skaters over on the skating rink the other day. There were many boys and girls there, and even older people, who could skate beautifully, and graceful skating is something very pretty to watch.

But not all were good skaters. One little fellow, even though his skates were bright and shiny new, was having difficulty. His ankles had not gotten strong enough to keep from wobbling and his arms fanned the air like little windmills, as he struggled to keep in an upright position. But, even if he did fall often, and sometimes hard enough almost to bring the tears, he'd get up, brush the snow from his clothes, double up his little fists and start out all over again, as though he meant to know how to skate. Then down he would go again, sprawling all over the ice. But he wouldn't stay down long. Never!

Finally, after quite a while of trying, he worked his way over near the fire where I was standing. His face was red from the cold wind and the exercise. Little balls of ice covered his clothes and he was panting like a race-horse after a long, hard run.

He came up to the fire to warm himself and rest a little, and I told him that I had been watching him trying to skate, that I had seen him take some pretty hard falls and I wondered why he didn't give it up and try something he could do without cracking his head a dozen times while trying to do it.

He looked up at me and smiled an impish little smile and said, "I didn't buy these new skates to quit tryin' with. I bought them to learn how to skate, 'n I'm goin' to learn how."

That is the kind of stuff that makes real men and real women. The ones who quit trying are the ones who never get anything done or reach any kind of success. The hard things we have to do in life, especially while we are learning how to live right, were not given us to quit on or get discouraged about. They were sent so that we could stretch our muscles a little bit more than we ever did before. That is what makes them grow big and strong. And they do grow only when we use them and don't quit when something seems hard to do.

There is more hope in life for the boy or the girl who is not a quitter than there is for the one who seems to know it all and to be able to do everything without having to work over it.

Just make up your minds that you will never be a quitter, and when you have to do something that is hard, just try a little harder

than you ever did before and soon that thing will be so easy to do you will wonder why you ever even thought of giving up and quitting.

Being White Ducks

A friend of mine once raised some very fine, pure white ducks. There was a little pond on his farm, and there these spotless white ducks used to swim around and quack in happy contentment. You could always find them playing around near or on the pond.

My friend also had some chickens. Most farms have chickens. Well, the chickens were white too, and pretty. From a distance it was hard to tell which were chickens and which were ducks, for they were all pure white. But one of the hens got the idea that it must be fun to swim around in a pond like the ducks did, and so it was often seen in the company of the white ducks at the pond.

It would try to waddle along the shoreline like a duck and I suppose it tried to quack like a duck too, for it wanted to be a duck so badly.

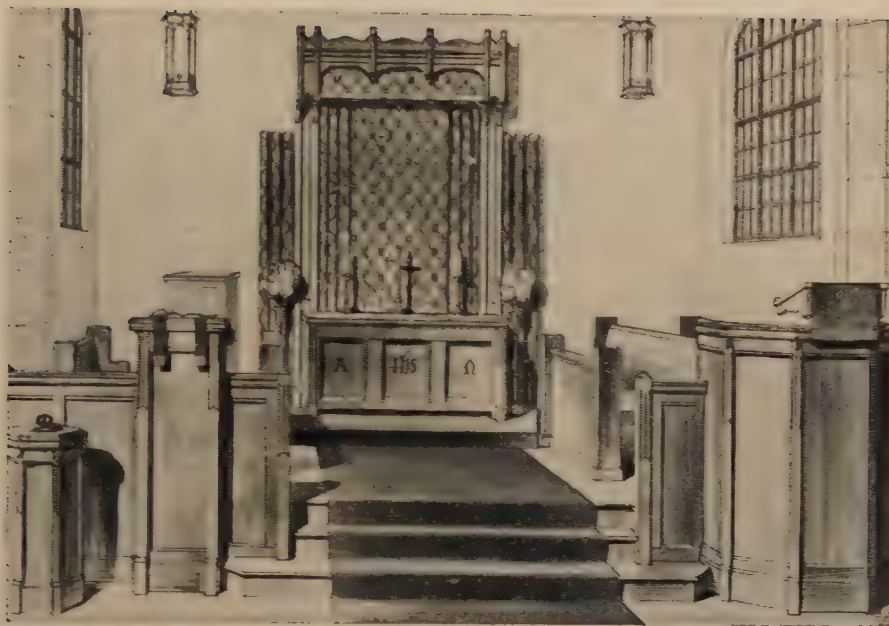
But it was not a duck. Nobody around ever thought it was a duck and so the old white biddie didn't fool anyone but herself, for when she would try to swim like the ducks, she just splashed around in the water and looked foolish. I suppose the ducks just accepted her as being perfectly crazy. She was a chicken and not a duck and trying to act like a duck and do what the ducks did never could make her a duck.

Little folks, there is nothing quite so foolish, nothing quite so silly as trying to pose as something or someone we are not.

God meant each one of us to be our own selves and our lives are the happiest and our friends respect us most, when we try to be ourselves instead of trying to make others think we are something we are not.

So, be yourselves. That is often used as a slang phrase, but if it means that you are not to pose as someone or something that you are not, just to impress people, but should try to be your natural self, then it is alright, for nothing is more ridiculous than a white chicken trying to make others think she is a white duck, and that goes for people as much as for poultry.

Mrs. Ella Newsome of Providence, R. I., hit a would-be purse snatcher on the head with a book she was carrying and forced him to flee. The name of the book—"The Lady Means Business." Mrs. Newsome did, too!



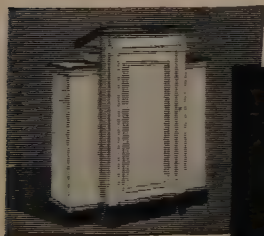
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Winning For Him

Matt. 4:19. "And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

Mark 1:17-18. "And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men. And straightway they forsook their nets, and followed him."

Are you a dynamo for God?

Can you go out and fish?

Can you inspire the sinful world?

With His outstanding wish?

Will you adventure forth for Him?

Along the great highway?

And call the sinner, weary quite,

From morn till close of day?

When the last trumpet sounds and you

Stand face to face with Him,

Will singing saints around the throne

Be some whom you did win?

—Alice H. Muir, in *Church Chimes*,
Shreveport, La.

Weak Things Put To Shame The Things Thought Strong

Matt. 5:13-14. "Ye are the salt of the earth. . . . Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

Matt. 13:38. "The field is the world."

Mark 16:15. "Go. into all the world and preach . . ."

"American doughboys are reaping heavily where the missionaries have so long and patiently sown." (U. S. Senator, home from a senatorial investigation trip to scene of war.)

"I have never thought much of the missionary world of the Church, but we certainly are getting our eyes opened. A handful of missionaries risked their lives and sacrificed the comforts of home to teach these natives Christianity. . . . Our going has been easier and safer." (Letters from service men to their parents.)

"All of this is in line with the Apostle's statement, 'God chose the weak things of the world' the things that are despised, to confuse the strong. In 1808 at Williams College a little group organized themselves, as Sherwood Eddy says, into the Society of Brethren, the first foreign missionary society in America whose members proposed to go themselves to work for the heathen. The story is that this

society was kept secret because of the almost universal opposition to an idea so bold as missions.

"The subsequent history of these *strange* young men reads like a romance. It is strange, too, that the greatest missionary since the Apostle Paul was an obscure shoemaker, William Carey. In 1792 he preached his great sermon: "Expect Great Things From God; Attempt Great Things for God." The Baptist Missionary Society, organized with "sixty-five dollars in the treasury" would seem like a joke to the missionary leaders of today. So God has chosen 'the weak things of the world, that he might put to shame the things that are strong.'

"There should be no confusion about our God-given stewardship to share in the healing of the world—the building of the Kingdom of God on earth; there should be no confusion in our expecting great things from God, and attempting great things for God. John Wesley said frequently in his journal, 'I gave them Christ!' What Wesley did for mankind in his day, we can do today, *provided we believe in Christ, and do His will.*—*Ralph Spaulding Cushman, in "The Message of Stewardship."*

Harriet Bunting's Memorial

Mark 4:32. ". . . and becometh greater than all."

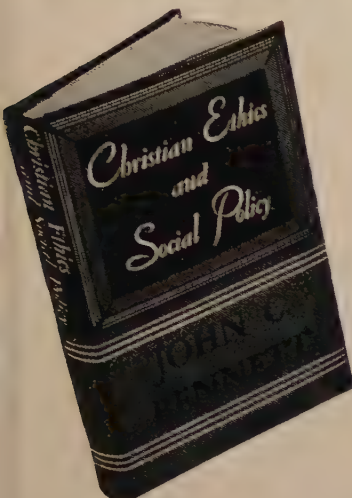
Luke 22:24-27. "But I am among you as be that serveth."

John 15:13. "Greater love hath no man, that a man lay down his life."

In Montclair, N. J., one may see a stone bench under the pines in front of a handsome home on Gates Avenue. Montclair is a beautiful town, fine homes and beautiful churches, but not the least of the things to see in Montclair is a simple, sturdy, white, stone bench near the top of the hill, on the spacious grounds of a great, white house.

It is a little odd that the bench should stand where it does, far from the house and beside the walk. You wouldn't suppose that the people living in the big house would want to come out and sit by the side of the walk, nor do they, so far as I know. The bench is very handy for nursemaids who have pushed baby carriages up the hill. It makes a very nice place for them to rest. They are glad to have a chance to catch their breath, and perhaps have a bit of a chat before going on their way. And the people in the big house do not mind. As a matter of fact, that bench was placed there for the use of nursemaids,—for their special benefit. Yes, and in honor of

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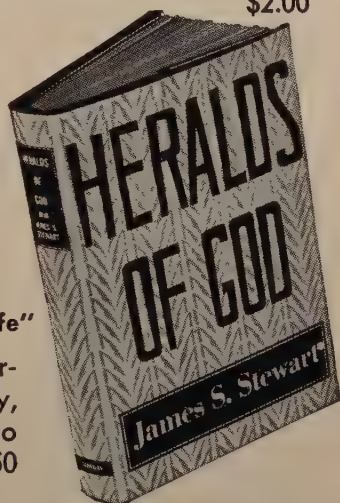
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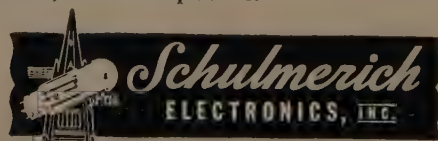
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one of their number, who proved herself heroine! The bench is a memorial to her and on it you will find written the name of our Harriet Bunting, a name worth remembering.

A good many years ago, the woman who lives in the big house,—I shall call her Mrs. Potter—had a maid who took care of her little baby girl. Harriet was a faithful girl and took the best possible care of her charge. Part of her duty was to take the baby out for fresh air every afternoon when the weather was fair, that is, wheel the baby carriage up and down Gates Avenue, and about the town.

Nothing ever happened until one day, and then everything happened suddenly, the way a good many things happen in life, just when you think things are going very well. This particular day Harriet was crossing the street with the baby carriage and taking good care as usual. The way was clear on the cross walk, everything was all right, until—all at once and without warning a truck swung around the corner. It was a truck drawn by horses, before the days of motors, but heavy horse-drawn trucks were almost as hard to stop as the big motor trucks we know nowadays. That truck and those great heavy horses meant death and destruction to folks in their path and it was too late for the driver to stop them in time.

It was too late to escape for both Harriet and the baby girl in her charge. Harriet might have jumped back and saved herself, but that she did not do. The thing she did was to give that baby carriage with its precious freight one tremendous push; the baby carriage shot across to the curb on the far side of the street. The baby was safe! But Harriet? Well, Harriet went down under the blow from the pole between the horses, the tongue of the truck. That was the end for Harriet.

Harriet Bunting was like the Master of Mercy. Jesus' enemies said of him, "He saved others; himself he cannot save." Harriet saved the baby, herself she could not save, or at least she did not save. Jesus said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." She laid down her life for her little charge. She was faithful unto death, like the Christian martyrs in the days of old.

Mrs. Potter did everything she could to show her gratitude and her grief. No one can pay for a life that is lost, but something can be done to pass on the great and unselfish devotion to duty which permitted the loss of the one life, and the saving of the other. Mrs. Potter did what she could and in addition she erected the memorial of the stone bench in Harriet Bunting's honor.

Many years have passed by. Mrs. Potter's little baby girl is a woman grown now, is married and has children of her own. Indeed, these children are almost grown by this time. Life goes on, but there are people in Montclair who have reason to remember Harriet's loving and her brave deed.

Few of us are called upon to give our lives to win the safety of others, particularly those in our care; we are called upon, nevertheless, to make decisions continually that involve the safety of those whose welfare rests within our keeping. Is our decision one that will land us in charge within the margin of safety on the opposite side of the street from the danger, or do we ourselves get lost out? The decisions may involve physical danger; or moral danger, or, more important, spiritual questions. Greater love hath no man than this!"—John Walker, Waterbury, Connecticut.

The Spreading of the Word

Psalm 124:1-4. "Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak . . ."

Mark 16:15. "Go into all the world and preach."

Isaiah 55:1. "Publish ye, praise ye, and say, O Lord, save thy people."

John A. Beyer is now an octogenarian. A half century ago he gravitated to famed Saratoga Springs, New York, because of his health and set himself up in a small business there. Throughout these five decades the Lord's business has taken precedence over his temporal occupation.

Mr. Beyer is an enthusiastic witness to the grace of God in Christ Jesus. Slow of tongue, he quickly adopted tract evangelism as his method of carrying out the Great Commission to the Master. In the last 30 years alone this servant of Christ has distributed over 1,000,000 Gospel tracts, ranging from the dignified products of his denominational publishing bureau to the streamlined silent messengers published by other tract-distributing agencies.

And the Holy Spirit has used John Beyer's faithfulness to the salvation of souls. Here are so many interesting incidents as told by Mr. Beyer's son-in-law, Roy Kelton. "One day a Captain of the Salvation Army walked into Mr. Beyer's store, bringing a message from a man in Connecticut who, while visiting in Saratoga Springs, had received from Mr. Beyer several tracts, and returning to his Connecticut home, had them, was convicted of sin, and accepted Christ as Saviour." Among letters from east and west, one from Belfast, Ireland, related



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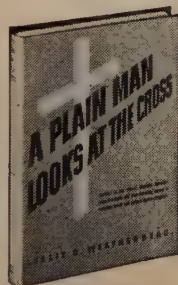
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By using this book you can analyze your own local problem and plan for the most effective use of your time in preparing the children of your Sunday school for day-to-day living in the active Christian community. \$2.50

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that the writer had received a package from a friend in New York, in which was included a tract from Mr. Beyer. Converted as a result, he wished to carry on the work in Ireland.—*American Lutheran*, Dec., 1946.

Law Abiding Citizens

Ex. 18:20. "And thou shalt teach them . . . and shalt show them the way."

Ex. 24:12. "And I will give thee tables of stone . . . that thou mayest teach them."

Deut. 6:7. "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children."

I Kings 8:36. "... That thou teach them the good way wherein they should walk."

The great preventative of crime is not the law enforcement agencies or the policemen or the courts, much as we need them, but the Church on the corner backed by the Christian parents and teachers of the community.

Frank A. Hooper, Jr., in *Southern Baptist Brotherhood Journal* reports—

"We are spending an estimated fifteen billion dollars a year on apprehending, trying and imprisoning violators of the law, and this figure is constantly increasing, and new methods of apprehending them are being devised. The net result of all this expenditure of money and labor, however, is a stream of ex-convicts pouring out of the doors of the houses of correction as their sentences end, too often not as reformed or regenerated men and women, but as men and women embittered toward society and confirmed in crime. They are turned loose to become a perpetual menace and expense to the nation for the rest of their lives."

"I am speaking of crime as it constitutes an index of human character. It is the most definite index of character that we have because there is a fixed and definite relationship between the number of moral failures and the number of people apprehended in crime. A study of the cases in our courts shows that a large proportion of the offences involve dishonesty; practically all crimes of daring, such as robbery, are committed by young and adventurous spirits; that an overwhelming number of the offenders had little, if any, Christian training or influence in their early lives. National figures on crime will bear this out.—*Watchman-Examiner*.

No Courts or Jails Needed

Ex. 4:15. "I will teach you what he should do."

Deut. 4:14. "And the Lord commanded me . . . to teach you statutes and judgments that he might do them."

Matt. 5:19. "But whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."
 Luke 12:12. "For the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what he ought to say."

"In a community of Marshall County, Kansas, no arrest or court procedure has been made in 30 years. All residents in this township are of the Lutheran faith. There are two Lutheran schools, making a public school unnecessary." — *Educational Bulletin, official organ of the Board of Parish Education, Lutheran Mo. Synod.*

The Messenger of The Lord

Mal. 2:5-6. "The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips, . . . and did turn many away from iniquity."

In the summer of 1937 it was my privilege and pleasure to vacation abroad with my family. One memorable evening, in the beautiful English twilight, we motored into the town of Bedford, made famous by the immortal Bunyan. I stood before his statue, beneath the quizzical eye of the courteous English bobby, and I copied these words, inscribed on the base:

"He had his eyes up to heaven,
 The best of Books in his hand;
 The law of truth was written upon his lips,
 And he stood as if he pleaded with men."
 It was the picture that Christian saw in Interpreter's house. And what the artist had fashioned in stone might represent worthily that each of us should endeavor to embody in flesh.—*Albert G. Johnson, Moody Monthly, Oct. 1946.*

Builders

Isa. 127:1. "Except the Lord build the house . . ."
 Acts 7:49. ". . . What house will be build me? saith the Lord . . ."

"We are building every day
 In a good or evil way,
 And the structure as it grows,
 Will our inmost self disclose,
 Till in every arch and line
 All our faults and failings shine—

"It may grow a temple grand,
 Or a wreck upon the sand.
 Build it well, whate'er you do,
 Build it straight and strong and true,
 Build it clean and high and broad,
 Build it for the eye of God."

MIDDLE GROUND

An Ohio pastor recently inquired "Would you fight as hard against Rightist Reactionism as you have fought against Leftist Radicalism"? The answer is an emphatic YES.

We can imagine exactly that reversal, but it is still a long way off. Freedom's present peril is leftist radicalism, not reactionism, and it is with NOW we must first deal.

The nation has been pushed so far left of center that concerted effort will be required for a long time, to get back to Middle Ground—the ground where capital F Freedom takes root—the ground to which Christian Leaders are dedicated.

Communists, Redists, Fascists, Socialists and advocates of other forms of pagan stateism, push leftward frantically. Some few who lack perspective may be hoping for a return of laissez-faire, the roaring twenties, control by Wall Street or some other anti-social dream-child. But this Crusade champions the Middle Ground where rights and responsibilities go hand in hand—including the rights and responsibilities of Freedom.

If you share our convictions and concerns about root Freedom, let us send you our monthly Bulletin and tracts for parish distribution in your church. Just sign below and you will hear from us promptly.

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BOOKS

THE WHEREABOUTS OF GOD

By Peter H. Pleune. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 185 pp. \$1.75.

There is some good preaching being done down at Louisville, Kentucky, in the Highland Presbyterian Church. One reader at least wishes he might have an opportunity to desert his own pulpit one morning to run to Louisville to be a silent student of an interesting homiletic style.

The style may not be exactly "racy," as an advertising blurb puts it, but certainly it is "pungent," another adjective used. The preacher uses interesting snapshot illustrative material from life and letters, history and biography, welded into paragraphs without effort so as to make for a unified effect.

Theologically Peter H. Pleune seems to be a liberal-conservative. One would call him "orthodox" in the best sense of that word—combining adequate emphasis on the well-established traditional truths with apprehension of the light which modern scholarship has thrown on that tradition.

If sermons like these could be put into the hands of more lay people, publishers of sermons might well find the public demand for books of sermons accelerating their production of such books, which today too often are a drag on the market.—*Kendig Brubaker Cully, Ph.D.*

THE WORLD'S GREAT SCRIPTURES

By Lewis Browne. MacMillan. \$5.00.

Many a person has the idea that some day they would like to know something about other religions besides Christianity. They even go so far as to resolve that they will read something in other holy books besides the Bible. Very seldom do those good resolutions materialize. Even ministers find that most of their study has been in books about other religions rather than in the Scriptures themselves of the other religions.

For such as these, Lewis Browne has brought together selections from the Scriptures of Babylonia, Egypt, Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Christianity and Islam. The value of such an anthology depends on the capability of the editor. Lewis Browne has done other jobs in this field, so that some of us have learned to trust his selections. The present collection shows his usual sensitivity and wisdom.

This is the kind of book that one likes to have on his shelf. Most of us will not become experts in other faiths, but all of us will find our vision broadened if we explore this volume. It is a fine thing to have as a guide, a man who has been able to enter into so many fields sympathetically.—*Gerald Kennedy.*

REBUILDING WITH CHRIST

By Walter A. Maier. Concordia Pub. House. 310 pp. \$1.75.

This is the fourteenth in the series of Lutheran Hour books containing the radio addresses of Dr. Maier, Professor of Old Testament interpretation and History, Concordia Theological Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri.

The sermons are Scriptural, scholarly, timely. They have life, fervor, pace. They are a reminder of the old-time Gospel and revival enthusiasm, but are nevertheless, dignified in content and logical in presentation. Each sermon has the added value of rich illustrative material,—material that really illustrates, clinching, interesting, convincing, thrilling. All in all

it is a great book. It is more than just another book of sermons. It is the story of what radio is doing for the Christian message. It is a strong hint of what radio can do in the future.

In a forty-two page "Foreword" the author tells us that the Lutheran Hour began its twelfth season with 540 stations and closed it with 609. This is an all time high in radio preaching. The "Foreword" also prints excerpts from letters received from listeners from all over the world, including many Roman Catholics. There are also several pages of "testimonies" under the caption "Saved by Grace."

Two sermons, "Don't Gamble Your Soul Away" and "The Day That Death Died" are worth the price of this treasure trove of homily and exegesis. But the entire book is worth having at twice the cost.—*Chaplain Richard Braunstein.*

JESUS ONLY, DEVOTIONAL MEDITATIONS

By Vance Havner. Revell. 94 pp. \$1.25.

Do not be misled by the subtitle, "Devotional Meditations," for the fourteen chapters in this very readable book are full-fledged sermons in every respect—full-fledged in the dignity of their messages, full-fledged in the adequate development of the themes, and full-fledged in the genuine flair which the author shows in his striking outlines. The titles are simple and short, such as "Jesus Only," "You'll Get Over It," "Down From Above," "This Is That," and "Sunrise Tomorrow." Dr. Havner is an enthusiastic Gospel preacher. His sermons have movement to a definite goal. They could not help being most helpful when preached, and they will be equally helpful to any reader.—*Charles Haddon Nabers.*

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

By A. Michael Ramsey. Westminster Press. 124 pp. \$1.00.

This scholarly book, by so capable an author as Canon Ramsey, should be in the libraries of all our Theological Seminaries, and should be read by pastors to put into their hearts and minds a more convincing "reason for the hope that is within him." The author's purpose in writing this book is stated in the preface thus: "It is the purpose of this book to examine the place of the Resurrection in the Gospel preached by the Apostles and in the theology that created the New Testament, and to discuss the historical character of the event from which both the Gospel and the theology sprang." Dr. Ramsey has not allowed himself to deviate from this noble ambition of which this book is a rewarding realization.

The author follows every conceivable avenue of inquiry into the exact nature of Christ's Resurrection. In the discussion of this great Christian doctrine, by which Christianity stands or falls, he takes into consideration the findings of historical criticism and the conclusions based on the experience of those like Paul and others who "having not seen, yet have believed." Did Christ rise physically from the grave or is that which we call the Resurrection only symbolic of a spiritual rebirth? The author succeeds in converging an abundance of light upon these difficult questions. The evangelistic Christian viewpoint to which Dr. Ramsey rises in these discussions, is introduced by these words, "For a Christian the word 'theology' and 'Resurrection' are uniquely linked, since his God is the living God of the Bible who raised Jesus Christ from the dead, and hath raised us together with Him."



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The author is Canon of Durham Cathedral, and Professor of Divinity in the University of Durham.—*J. Sessler.*

JURNAL FROM MY CELL

Roland DePury. Harper & Bros. 140 pp. \$1.50.
This is a difficult book to review, difficult because it is the baring of a man's soul while he was innocently imprisoned. It speaks of true values, of faith, hope, rage and God. To make much comment on it would seem to be impious.

We proceed upon the principle that a man is innocent until he has been proven guilty. The Nazis proceeded upon the principle that a man is guilty until he proves himself innocent. To be taken from church, home, family and friends and imprisoned without trial or chance was the experience of Pastor Pury.

He writes like this in prison: "Parcels may teach many things; among others, this about the sacraments: the difference between the sign and the symbol. A piece is in no way the symbol of affection, any more than bread is the symbol of grace. But it is concretely a tangible and indisputable sign of the affection

of my brethren. The affection goes with the sign, it reaches me through it, but does not depend on it."

He has his moments of doubt, of despair, but always he rises through faith to realize the nearness of God. "Abandoned by God and men, we are together crying to God. Accordingly, He pours over us 'the spirit of grace and supplications,' and with us He turns His eyes upon Himself. . . . The one true God is the only reality for man—the song of joy that rises from the hearts of the most miserable, the fount of living water in the midst of the desert; a miraculous presence in the heart of inconceivable solitude, a perfect comfort in utter desolation."

Rarely do we find a book like this, that uncovers the human soul in the midst of trial and suffering. It is a book to be studied, pondered, and to make men realize the true value of God's gifts.—*W. R. Siegart.*

TOP OF THE MOUNT, SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

By Vincent C. Franks. Morehouse-Gorham Co.
182 pp. \$2.00.

This is a volume of twenty sermons by the rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Richmond, Va. While it has some sermons dealing with the festival days of the Church Year, it has others which might be used on any Sunday. On the whole they are sermons with a timeless quality.

His sermon for Pentecost is especially appealing because he takes the true approach to the spiritual, or as is sometimes called, the mystic. Here are some of his closing words, "Would God that we were all genuine mystics, men aware of the Eternal nearness! Would God we were all men who could get to God by way of intuition as well as reason! Would God we were all men free to allow a margin of mystery

to God." Jesus was always aware of the presence of God.

Another appealing sermon is his one for missions. It has strong human interest appeal. Not all sermons are of the same type. He shows a wide range of ability to present Christian truth and seems able to put his finger on the essential word for the occasion. In many cases he has new and arresting approaches.

Certain errors should be corrected. On page 22 he says, "This same Naomi was the grandmother of King David." On Thanksgiving Day, I believe Thanksgiving was celebrated in Maine before Bradford's proclamation. And the proclamation of Hanson, "President of the United States in Congress assembled" set an April date.

These sermons will inspire others to better preaching.—*W. R. Siegert.*

A CROWDED CHURCH THROUGH MODERN METHODS

By Eugene Dinsmore Dolloff. Revell. 147 pp. \$1.50.

In the last fifty years there have been a number of books written in somewhat similar vein, beginning with Christian Reisner's "Workable Plans For Wide-Awake Churches," which came out soon after the beginning of the century. In every case these books become excellent collateral reading for a good course in Pastoral Theology, and actually should replace some of these courses. Dr. Dolloff's work differs from many of the other volumes which have been released in this field by the Biblical sanctions which he finds for modern methods. His Biblical background for a good advertising program is particularly interesting.

Dr. Dolloff has no hare-brained schemes for "packing them in," most of which eventually fall of their own weight, but outlines good common-sense procedures for church administration and for relating the church to the community. His volume constitutes a basic handbook for good workmanship and a man who finds that his message is being given increasingly to empty pews, that his prayer-meeting is a headache, and that he is losing his grip upon the organizational life of his parish could well spend more time studying Dr. Dolloff's suggestions.

To be sure the book provides an interesting sidelight on our generation. Spurgeon, MacLaren, Talmadge, and the other pulpit giants of times past would undoubtedly be shocked to read the altogether frank suggestions which the author makes for building church attendance and integrating the church program. Yet actually these able men of another day made good use of all the plans which Dr. Dolloff advocates. They might rebel at the idea that the church has anything to "sell" although they were all salesmen par excellence.—*Norman E. Nygaard.*

ON BEING FIT TO LIVE WITH

By Harry Emerson Fosdick. Harper. \$2.00.

If any minister has had his finger on the pulse of American life during the past generation, it has been Dr. Fosdick. If any man has touched the student life of America and given it a workable philosophy of life, it is Dr. Fosdick. His books have been widely read and his radio addresses have had an audience beyond the dreams of many preachers. He has received over a million letters from his radio audience. He speaks as a preacher, lecturer, writer, psychologist, educator, and friend.

This volume contains twenty-five sermons which were preached during the last two and one-half years of his ministry. They present Christ to a war-torn, fear-obsessed world, as the answer to the personal and social problems faced by men and nations.

Reading a book of sermons by Dr. Fosdick has a two-fold reaction on a minister. First he is discouraged and wonders why he ever thought he could preach. The next week, however, finds him working harder on his sermon, digging deeper and doing better work. Read these sermons, "The Impossibility of Being Irreligious," "Why We Believe in God," "Finding Unfailing Resources" and "Christ Himself Is Christianity."—*Charles F. Banning.*

LIFE'S HIGH HURDLES

By Sidney W. Powell. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. \$1.50.

Here is a book of fifteen sermons by a successful pastor, which will be very helpful. They are sermons dealing with handicaps and how they may be overcome. The author takes Helen Keller's statement, "I thank God for my handicaps, for through them, I have found myself, my work and my God," and shows how other handicapped folk can accomplish the same. Pastors will find it inspiring. Handicapped people will take great encouragement from it.

The author begins each sermon with a premise. For example, in Chapter One, "Men do not arrive because their paths have been made smooth for them, but because they have the determination to surmount any thing that obstructs their progress." Then he goes into the past and the present, into every walk of life and presents an array of illustrations that is convincing. He takes the problem of trouble and suffering and throws on it the light of Christian faith. These sermons are not profound but they are helpful.—*Charles F. Banning.*

UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

By Raymond John Baughan. Macmillan. 401 pp. \$3.00.

This beautiful book of daily devotions for every day in the year, by the pastor of the Universalist Church in Newark, is built upon the truth that "Life is an Undiscovered Country," and as we enter each day we must be as watchful and as alert as an explorer to find what there is and to make the most of it. Each meditation is an affirmation of something worthwhile, and the author writes easily and convincingly about values which will always rank highest. He believed that "the earth is filled with unguessed treasures waiting to be discovered"; and that in the pursuit of these treasures, "Our moral faith was never meant to be a rusty sword to look at hanging in the museum of the mind, but thrust of metal shining in the sun." Each meditation is built upon a verse of Scripture—usually a well-known sentence—and each meditation closes with a prayer in a simple sentence. The mechanical set-up of the volume is in keeping of the best traditions of the Macmillan Company.—*Charles Haddon Nabers.*



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ROAD TO REFORMATION

by Heinrich Boehmer. Translated by John W. Doberstein and Theodore G. Tappert from the German. Muhlenberg Press. 433 pp. \$4.00.

Students of the fountainhead of the Protestant Reformation will welcome this distinguished volume. There is new light on the younger Martin Luther, written by a man who occupies an eminent place among Continental church historians.

The style is lofty, and extremely interesting, showing that the author is a worthy biographer as well as an historian. The English translation is especially good, and we are indebted to Messrs. Doberstein and Tappert and to the Muhlenberg Press for making it available to the public.

The concluding paragraph of the book is offered as a specimen of the intriguing, penetrating style: "It was not until his thirtieth year—at the age when the average individual as a rule is no longer able to summon up the strength to adapt himself fully and inwardly to new views and new perceptions—that Luther, to use his own words, began to give birth to something new. But this only proves that he must be measured by another standard than that which is applied to the so-called normal person whose career can be summed up in the sentence: He lived, took a wife, and died. To retain his own metaphor, Luther could not give birth until he had conceived, that is, until he had become certain of his God. But when this had occurred, he became, more than any other man of German blood, the exemplification of the truth of the saying, 'Where genius and faith meet, miracles occur'."—Kendig Brubaker Cully.

ON FINAL GROUND

by Harold A. Bosley. Harper. \$2.00.

Those who have read other volumes by Dr. Harold A. Bosley know that his sermons would be realistic and filled with spiritual insight. It seems to me that his best describes these sermons from a fine preacher. They are at once a Christian criticism of our pagan society and a proclamation of the Christian answer to our tragic questions.

Most sermons fall into the pit of being either too contemporary or too aware of God as an ancient voice. Dr. Bosley's sermons escape the pit, and while they speak to our particular time, one feels that they will be vital in the years to come. They are the kind of sermons that deepen and strengthen one's own homiletics without tempting one merely to repeat them verbatim. Both laymen and ministers will find this a useful volume.—Gerald Kennedy.

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Mid-Week Suggestions

I. Achieving Personal Improvement

Organ: "Meditation"—Toft.

Invocation: "My lips shall shout for joy when I sing praises unto Thee; and my soul, which Thou hast redeemed."

Hymn: "I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus."

Psalm: 54, 64, 67, responsively.

Hymn: "In the Hour of Trial."

Scripture: Phil. 4:8-12, 19-23.

Hymn: "Who Trusts in God, a Strong Abode."

Mediation: ". . . . in all things have I learned"

The story of Paul, how he met his needs, how he received gifts and expressed his gratitude, holds a vital lesson for all Christian people, young or old. When he has a spell of need and depression, he adjusts himself gracefully, and "feeds on the spirit of Jesus Christ." When the early Christians sent food and warm clothing to him, he thanked them, but he helps the "givers" to understand that he rejoices, not over his own good fortune, but over the achievement in character on the part of those who gave the gifts, shared with him in Christian fellowship, that which they might have kept, or used for themselves. Paul made it plain that he was not so much concerned about the gift, as about the giver.

This is the real concern of all spiritually minded people. The gift is one thing; the achievement of grace through Jesus Christ to give, that is the important thing. This applies not only to the continuous calls for "giving" to the many needy about us, in our own community, our own land, lands torn and impoverished by war; impoverished by lack of ability. It is true in our own church circle, or the immediate family circle. Giving—of self, somehow submerges all the tedious difficulties which so many families experience, which finally causes the thousands of half-orphaned children we have in our own country; it disrupts the actual accomplishments of the average church. Let us make a serious attempt this Lenten Season to accomplish the personal achievement of forgetting about ourselves, our needs, our rights, our desires; let us substitute those of Jesus Christ, and see what glorious offering we can bring to the Easter altar in His Name.

Hymn: "Sweet the Moment, Rich in Blessing."

Reader:

"Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes

Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that of our death and night shall rise,
The dawn of ampler life!

"Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,

That God has given you the priceless dower
To live in these great times and have your part
In freedom's crowning hour,

"That he may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take
I saw the powers of darkness take their flight,
I saw the morning break!"

—(Found on the body of an Australian
Soldier of World War I.)

Hymn: "O Thou Great Friend."
 Prayer and Benediction.
 Organ: "Jerusalem, the Golden"—*Sparks*.

[. Achieving a New Point of View

Organ: "Communion"—*Baulkes*.
 Invocation: "Every word of God is tried;
 He is a shield to them that take refuge in
 Him."

Hymn: "There's a Wideness in God's
 Mercy."

Psalms: 49, *responsively*.

Hymn: "There Is a Fountain."

Scripture: Psalm 55:1-16. I Cor. 15:33-49.

Hymn: "Draw Thou My Soul, O Christ."

Meditation: Paul says to the faithful at
 Corinth:

"For I will not see you now by the way; but I
 must tarry a while with you, if the Lord permit.
 But I will tarry at Ephesus until Pentecost. For a
 great door and effectual is opened unto me, and
 there are many adversaries." Relief from the task
 before us, change in scene or surroundings, rest after
 labor, all seem a most necessary part of life for the
 normal human. Weary of work, we must needs raise
 our eyes to the heavens; weary of confinement, we
 must needs seek the open for a breath of air.
 Granted this change, most of us are willing to return
 to the task in hand, and carry on.

However, there is within the task itself "a great
 door and effectual" to be opened unto most of us,
 we can learn through the grace of God to find
 to locate the knob and turn it. Millions of people
 do not find it possible to "run away from their
 duties" for a change of scene; yet they are content.
 They are the ones, who, like Paul, have found a
 great door opened unto them; they find within their
 work the new point of view. Some through imagi-
 nation, by filling in the picture of their service;
 some by dedication to a great ideal; some by placing
 themselves completely within the protecting arms of
 God.

Some of us may recall the aged cobbler on the
 North Sea coast of England, whom the great English
 preacher, John H. Jowett, asked, "Jimmie, don't you
 get weary in this bare little shop, sitting all day
 long, pounding away on those rough shoes for
 sailors?" "Yes, Pastor," said Jimmie, "I do get
 weary often, but I'll show you what I do." He
 took Dr. Jowett's hand, and led him to a little back
 storage room, piled high with repaired shoes, wait-
 ing for the feet of far-voyaging sailors. Here he
 opened a small window, with a sudden inrush of salt
 wind from the North Sea, and sunshine, but more
 than that, a long blue-green vista of the sea stretching
 to the far heavens. He said simply, "When I grow
 weary of the small room and rough shoes, I
 swing back the shutters of this window, open the
 window, and look into eternity—into the face of
 God, and all the world is mine!"

Hymn: "Come Thou, Almighty King."

Prayer especially for grace to find within our ap-
 pointed tasks the eternal value of all service to
 other-man, to find the window where we may let in

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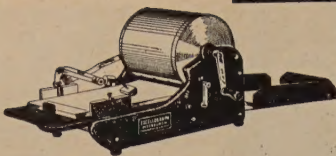
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the change of air, a sight of the heavens, and the face of God.

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Organ: "Contemplation"—Saint-Saens.

Invocation: "Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works . . ." Psal. 40:5.

Hymn: "The King of Love My Shepherd Is."

Psalms: 41 and 44, *responsively*.

Hymn: "O Jesus, Crucified for Man."

Scripture: Isa. 53:1-12. Mark 13:24-37. Mark 15:29-39.

Hymn: "All Glory, Laud and Honour."

Meditation: ". . . and without shedding of blood is no remission." Hebr. 9:22.

"It is true even upon the lowest plane that without shedding of blood, there is nothing, no mighty result, no achievement, no triumph. Every worthy deed costs something; no high thing can be done easily. Life is just our chance of making this great and strange discovery. Many of us never make it. We begin by working with a fraction of our strength; or we try to work by proxy, that is have others do it for us. Nothing comes of it. At last, if we are wise, we see that all the strength is needed, even to the giving of life blood. We have achieved something when we learn that everything noble and enduring in this work is accomplished by the shedding of blood, not merely by concentration of the heart and soul and mind on one object, but the pruning and even the maiming of life. We use the word *bless* freely and often; it is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word for blood.

"Everyone must do this for himself, no one can do it for him. Jesus did not hand the towel to a servant; rather he bent and washed the feet of the disciples; Jesus did not send a substitute into Gethsemane; nor to the Hill of Golgotha; He went Himself, just as we have to go ourselves. Kipling, in his 'Light That Failed' puts the true word into the mouth of one of his characters, who says, 'I'd take any punishment that is in store for him, if I could, but the worst of it is that no man can save his brother.' How gladly many a parent would accept the blame and sentence for the wrong-doing of a child; but this is not the manner in which the discipline of life is ordered. Each one pays the price of spiritual achievement; none can substitute for another.—W. Robertson Nicoll.

Hymn: "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

Prayer and Benediction.

Organ: "Gothique March"—Foschini.

Armageddon is not found on the map. It is in the hearts of men, women and children in every land where the helpless are uncared for.

Said a soldier, "Smile, it is like the flag on Buckingham Palace, proclaiming the King is within."

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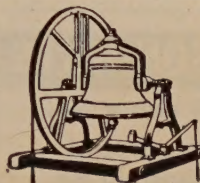


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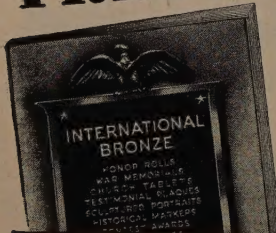
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